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JAMES UNSWORTH.—Ethiopian Comedian. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

# THE MOONLIGHT RING;

## OR,

## THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

### CHAPTER X.

THE CREOLE AND THE ARTIST—LUCY AND ATHOL'S INTERVIEW—ALTERCATION BETWEEN BERNARD AND ATHOL CLEMENT—THE COMPACT—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

It is the 23d of July. The effect on Athol Clement of the sudden acceptance by Lucy of the hand of Hugh Bernard was at first that of a stunning blow in which every faculty became numbed. Gradually, as he awoke from this lethargy, a fever attacked him, and it was for a time doubtful whether life or death would claim him for his own. In the wild delirium, as in the apathetic weakness, one name was ever on his lip, one form always before his eyes, the name and form of Lucy Marsden! For the first time since his illness, on the eve of her marriage, he left the little bed room in Berners-street, where he had been so long, and entered his neglected studio. Reverently he uncovered the frame upon his easel, and tenderly regarded the counterfeit presentment of Lucy.

"Athol Clement!" exclaimed Latour, suddenly entering, "is it thus that the lover suffers his mistress to be sold to slavery? Rouse, Athol Clement, or the curse of the faithless shall rest upon you!"

"Faithless!" suddenly exclaimed Athol, starting up and facing the creole, "my whole life, my whole soul, were but a mean tribute to her slightest wish."

"This fever must have chilled your blood," returned Latour. "What avails an idle word when a vigorous blow should fall? In tears, in misery, my young mistress waits her impending fate, a fate that you, and you only, should avert."

"Avert? And so ill, so feeble?

"Resolution conquers weakness," answered Latour; "the resolution of the Jesuit father, who, by his stern 'I will live,' banished the death presence from his couch."

"Tell me what I shall do!" replied Athol, with some symptoms of returning strength; "tell me!"

"What do?" cried Latour. "Slay him like a mad dog! Come! I will lead you to him—see!"

Latour took out a dagger from his belt, and held the gleaming blade before the eyes of the artist. This to his heart, Athol! Will you strike the blow, or shall I?"

"'Twould be murder!" interposed Athol, with a shudder.

"'Twould be justice—justice that transforms the assassin to the executioner!" answered Latour. "His life is forfeit to his treachery. The voice of Heaven tells you strike! And can you withhold the blow?"

"Latour, you madden me! Her lips declared her willingness to become his wife. I heard it, Latour!"

"Athol Clement," replied the creole, "are you human?"

"Alas!" returned the other; "by the anguish of my soul I know that I am man."

"And think you that she, Lucy Marsden, feels no pang? In my clime—"

"In yours?"

"We free the girls we love from the irons which enchain them. We divide the fetters with the knife, or we dissolve them in the poison draught."

"Latour, you see how weak I am; this terrible fever has forsaken me only at the portal of another world. I cannot bear the horrible fancies which your terrible suggestion breeds within my brain."

"The lover forsakes her," retorted Latour, with bitterness; "then the servant shall protect."

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Athol; "what does that gleam portend within your eyes? Wretched, guilty as he may be, he must be safe from the assassin's blow."

"In my land, a wrong being done, we struggle among ourselves for the honor of avenging it. To you I brought this dagger as your own by right of love. It was your mistress that was wronged, the retaliation, therefore, should belong to you. You refuse it, and it then descends to me."

"Such vengeance belongs to heaven alone."

"Oh, idle talk of the worn out world!" answered Latour. "When a man strikes down his foe, what is he but an instrument in the hand of fate? and what is fate but the will of heaven above? So, Athol Clement, if you love her ——"

"Hark ye, Latour. I could not, even for her, steal behind him in the dark, and clear him from her path; but front to his front I will stake life to his life. I will seek him out."

"Come with me, then," cried Latour, "and you shall find him."

Hurriedly Athol, though still weakened by his fever, flung on his loose overcoat, received new courage from a passing glance at the portrait, over every line of which he had toiled so lovingly, and descended, followed by Latour, into the street. The fresh air, the movement of the people, gave him an excitement which supplied the place of strength; and flinging himself into a cab, accompanied by the creole, he was driven towards Belgrave Square. During their rapid journey no word was exchanged between the creole and the artist. At a signal from Latour, the cab stopped at the corner of an adjacent street. There it was discharged. Latour led Athol through the back-way into the house, and conducted him by a private staircase to the very door of Lucy's boudoir. In the room in which they were, lighted by the mellow blaze of wax candles, lay the dress that she was to wear on the morrow—the wreath of orange—the filmy veil of lace.

"To the hearts of other maidens," whispered Latour, pointing to the bridal costume, "that is a token of hope's fruition; the garb of the happy for the altar of joy; but with her, Athol Clement, 'tis the garment which marks a victim of sorrow to the altar of a sacrifice."

"See her!" continued Latour. "Notice the wreck she is. First, pity; and then, revenge!"

After a moment's pause, Athol entered.

Lucy, in her calm misery of despair, turned her face almost mechanically, but perceiving who was her visitor, with a half-choked spasmodic scream, rushed into his arms.

"See me now," she cried, "Athol, for the last time! Hold me in an embrace to which I would ever cling to thee, Athol; but soon I'll be another's, and my waist must be a stranger to your touch."

"Heavens, Lucy!" cried Athol, holding her for a moment at arm's length; "how pale—how ill you seem!"

"Because," returned Lucy, "I suffer! Great heaven, how I suffer! We have spoken seldom, but in each syllable of a true lover an eternity of eloquence is condensed. In the wakeful vision and the nightly dream I shall alone see you, Athol! But in the dream and the vision shall I be forever steeped! In fancy I shall hold your hand—in fancy gaze upon your eyes—in fancy be your shadow, dear, darling Athol, through the weary travel of my aimless life!"

"My pulse beats swift and high—my blood flows thick and warm, Lucy! Cherished darling of my inmost heart, is there no hope, however dim? No ——"

"Athol!" she half screamed, sinking to his feet, "you torture me! No, Athol," she continued slowly, "my tyrant is implacable!"

"Fly with me, who, with heart and soul, adores you! Lucy, fly with me to some lovely secret spot, where clambering vines and bursting flowers shall deck our cottage home! Speak, Lucy, but oh! be tender o'er my grief! One word, Lucy, though that word will prove my fate!"

For a moment, but only for a moment, the poor girl paused. Then she repeated her last words.

"My tyrant is implacable."

Athol recoiled from the shock as a serpent when he has struck his poisoned blow.

"Then you never loved me! Love yields everything at the altar of its adoration! Love merges self in the being of the thing it worships! The eyes are false that looked on me with such tender grace—the tongue betrays with its accent of honeyed speech! Fool that I was—poor deluded artist—to deem his respectful suit a worthy homage to the eyes of wealth and beauty! Oh," he cried passionately, flinging himself at her feet, "forgive me, Lucy, for I know not what I say!"

The deep reproach of Athol had evoked a marvellous change in the aspect of his companion. Her muscles stiffened—her face assumed the fearful rigidity of death—the lustre of her eyes departed—and she gazed on him from their stony depths, with her figure fixed, as though she were a statue. So awful was her appearance, that Athol, in his misery of repentance, could say nothing.

"Lucy, forgive me, I implore!"

The faculty of speech seemed to desert her. Athol was agonized with regret. At last Lucy extended her hands in the action of pardon, and then, overcome, sank sobbing violently on a sofa.

"Captain Hugh Bernard!"

It was Latour, opening the door, and flinging the curtains wide apart, who made this announcement. But so possessed were each of the two actors in this passionate scene, that neither moved or spoke at the announcement.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Bernard, entering, "I came to admire the trousseau of my bride, and I am captivated with this unexpected and most dramatic effect. Latour, you were careless; you should, by a cough, or some understood signal, have given your mistress notice of my arrival. However, I excuse it. I do not even honor you," he continued, speaking to Athol, "by an expression of jealousy; that privilege I reserve until after to-morrow, when the blessing of an archbishop will have made her mine."

"Never!" cried Latour.

"My friend," retorted Bernard, "you are a false prophet. I do not intend, however, that my house shall forever be the temple of your deceptive vaticination. Lucy," he added, advancing to her, "'tis your husband calls."

Lucy started up at the sound of his voice, and, in an instantaneous rush, had gained the door. Bernard was following her.

"Stay!" exclaimed Athol, advancing, one hand before him, the other turned towards Lucy.

Latour rapidly passed behind him, and, unseen by Bernard, thrust the sharp dagger in his hand.

"Remember!" he whispered, but in so low a tone that Athol alone could hear.

But Lucy had detected the swift action of the creole, and stood for the moment panic stricken. Latour observed that she perceived the gleaming weapon in Athol's clutch. Athol approached Bernard. The creole met the advancing Lucy, and by a mixture of force and authority, led her from the room.

"Presume not, my young mistress," spoke Latour, "to interpose between justice and its victim. May the stroke be swift and sure—the stroke that makes the tyrant senseless as the sod—the slave free as an untrained bird in the wide encircling air."

"Out of my path," cried Bernard to Athol, within the boudoir.

"Hugh Bernard!" exclaimed Athol, "to the mysterious alone are you a mystery. To a plain, honest and true heart, your character is as transparent as chrystal."

"You, who think to degrade me, merely flatter yourself. I, who have lived among the men of two hemispheres, am not so easily deceived. You, a penniless artist, would win wealth to your purse, beauty to your arms. I commiserate your pitiful defeat. Let me pass."

With a contemptuous wave of the hand, Bernard approached Athol. The weakness of fever, from which he had been suffering but a short time since, seemed to Athol, nerved by excitement, as a thing of years agone.

"Not," he exclaimed, extending his arms before the door, "not until you have heard me."

Bernard turned even paler than was his wont.

"Assassin!" he ejaculated, retreating a pace or two.

Stung by the taunt, with one wild dash the artist was upon him, and, partly by the force of his weight, had borne him to the floor. Bernard was determined and powerful. The muscles of Athol were unstrung by fever. Gradually, therefore, Bernard dragged the artist towards the bell. Athol penetrated his intention, and the point of the long dagger, given by Latour, was at his throat. A whisper, the slightest movement, and the soul of Bernard had escaped from earth. Then, muffled by the intervening door, came the voice of Lucy.

"Athol Clement," said the low, soft tones, "you are dear to me—next only to heaven itself, and the sweet memory of my dead mother! For my sake, and the sake of his guilty soul, spare him, Athol Clement."

"By the recollection of your living love," exclaimed the hoarse voice of the creole, "strike!"

Athol paused. Then retaining the sharp point till it grazed the skin of the prostrate man, he spoke:

"I am no coward," he said, "to deal a blow in the dark. And yet I swear that this weapon shall find its sheath in your throat unless you swear—"

"Swear what?" inquired Bernard, still anxiously gazing at the bell, which he yet endeavored to reach.

"That you will meet me, hand to hand, front to front, in four hours from this, at the lime kilns, in the fields of Battersea."

"Why there?"

"Listen; each of us shall address a note to our most intimate friend, that we have left this land forever, and that pursuit is useless. We will then visit the kilns; send away the man who tends them; fight till the death of one. The survivor shall then fling his dead enemy in the consuming kiln; and what will remain by the morning light? Nothing. Do you consent?"

Bernard shrunk and shook his head.

"Then a last prayer to save your soul—then that to heaven—and my body to a shameful death."

To the heated imagination of Bernard the dagger was entering his throat. Bernard waved his hand.

"I consent—I swear!" he gasped.

Then Athol, reversing the weapon, bade him kiss the hilt—the sacred symbol of the cross. Bernard absolutely shivered. He remembered the oath he had taken two years before, when the watery rays of the midnight moon lent a terror to the promise. A sickening feeling diffused itself in his heart as he remembered how he had broken his solemn promise. But seeing the dagger at his throat, he kissed the hilt, as Athol had enjoined. Athol suffered him to rise.

"In four hours—you know the spot—and you will be punctual?"

"Yes," returned Bernard, "do not fear; I shall be punctual."

As he passed out into the adjoining room he beheld Lucy; her hands clenched with terror, her face cold and tearless.

"Thank Heaven!" she muttered, you are safe."

"'Sdeath!" exclaimed the creole, darting in to Athol; "you have suffered him to go free!"

"He meets me alone, Latour. Ere break of day, his life or mine!"

"You throw for a stake so unequal—a completed diamond against the charcoal whence the mighty chemist, Nature, has evoked the jewel. Give me the dagger!"

"Latour," interposed Lucy, in a low, firm, soft tone, "you loved the dead mother as you love the living child."

The wild devotion of the creole could only be expressed by a mute yet eloquent action.

"I have a reason, which you know not, to dislike Bernard. But Fate wills that I should wed him, and to Fate I bow my head. But by the affection which you bear me, Latour, I forbid you to raise an evil hand against my—my husband."

"I promise," replied Latour, somewhat sullenly, to this injunction.

Latour glanced meaningly towards Athol.

"And for you, Athol?" continued Lucy.

Athol had glided away.

"Great Heavens! whither has he gone?"

"He has a true heart," whispered Latour, in an exulting tone; "and, spite of his weakness and his fever, he will meet this man—the husband of to-morrow—and will play him for a large stake—a life for a life!"

### CHAPTER XI.

THE BACHELOR PARTY—BERNARD AND HIS GUESTS—INTERRUPTION OF THE FESTIVITIES—MEETING OF ATHOL AND BERNARD.

Cap. Bernard's chambers, in the Albany, were furnished in that luxurious and costly style which only a combination of wealth and taste can accomplish. The walls were covered with subjects of the best masters; every kind of lounging chair found its place upon the carpet; and all the little luxuries that bachelors most affect were scattered in profusion on the side tables and mantelpieces. Glass, from Venice; china, from Sevres; malachite, from St. Petersburgh, formed the material of which these were made. Hugh Bernard had one peculiarity sufficient of itself to surround him with friends; this was an excessive desire for display which found vent in a curious manner. Did a companion, or a visitor, especially admire any particular thing, it was Bernard's custom to present it on the spot. He rivalled thus the potentates of the East, and furnished additional food for marvel to the "society" which had elevated him to a lion. It was approaching midnight; loud were the sounds of revel, mingled with the clatter of glass, and the laugh of the heedless. The damask-covered table, loaded with every delicacy, was surrounded by the bachelor friends of the mysterious host, who had assembled for a farewell "feed," before, on the morrow, he was "turned off." Rich wines of rare vintages sparkled in the glittering crystal.

"Bernard," exclaimed Lord Geo. Harden, "where the deuce did you get this Burgundy?"

"It's a good wine," replied Bernard, "and I purchased it at the sale of a royal duke. The competition for the small lot was vigorous, ultimately remaining between Prince Dolgrou and myself. You remember Dolgrou?" he added, in an under tone, "the Russian millionaire, who eloped with the Countess —— Bah!" continued the captain; "I had nearly forgotten, Radney, that the delinquent countess is your sister!"

"Well," calmly acknowledged Radney, lighting a cigar, "we are all friends; and, of course, every one knows the painful fact. Dolgrou isn't a millionaire now, though," he continued with a laugh; "I have had my revenge that way."

"To resume, gentlemen; Dolgrou, I assume, wished to buy the wine. I defeated him by the sudden execution of a brilliant idea—"

"The idea!" "The idea!" shouted the guests, tapping the table.

"There were but two dozen in the cellar of the defunct duke; the price ran up; the last bid of Dolgrou had been twenty-four guineas for the dozen. There was a pause in the room. I spoke. 'Twenty-four guineas a bottle!' I cried. 'A bottle?' inquired the auctioneer. 'A bottle!' I replied; and, before Dolgrou could recover from his surprise, the wine was knocked down to me."

The guests were astonished at the consummate coolness with which Bernard related this anecdote, as though it were an every-day occurrence of his life."

"I'm devilith glad," exclaimed our old friend, John Fitz John, "that you're thunted off the main line with thuch a thplendid fortune ath yourth. Thereth been no thanth for uth to land an heireth."

"I say, Bernard," inquired another of the guests, "how much does that quicksilver mine of yours bring you in?"

"'Pon my word!" returned the other, "I had never the curiosity to inquire. I want a few thousands; I send to my agent; and in the course of the next mail those few thousands arrive."

"Then Miss Marsden is tolerably—eh?"

"Rich," returned Bernard; "richer than even I am. I ought to apologize for removing so wealthy a lady from your bachelor competition."

"Hark ye, though," responded John Fitz John; "the didn't theem tho very delighted."

"I have reason to believe," Bernard answered, "that I am thoroughly indifferent to Miss Marsden."

"'Pon my honor, Bernard," interposed one of his companions, "you are a cool hand!"

"You honor me," returned Bernard. "But I am not vain. It is my nature. So I won't assume that for a virtue which it is impossible that I can help. I wish a particular thing: that wish I accomplish. I desire a fine horse: whatever the obstacle, that horse becomes mine. I wish to marry: and, in the same way, I marry."

"But the pothitively hateth you!" exclaimed the Hon. John Fitz-John.

"My dear John, how dull you are! You remember Nourjabad?"

"The Circassian girl you brought from Adrianople?"

"I obtained her in this wise. I go to Adrianople—I visit the Pasha—I smoke the usual chibouque—I take the usual cup of black *cafe*. We are very silent, but intensely polite. His Highness is bowing me out. 'Was I satisfied?' No; I wished to see the harem. The Mussulman was horror-stricken. 'Impossible!' The word fired me. I bribed an eunuch, obtained admission, and beheld the fair Nourjabad. She had been torn from her native mountains, brought across the sea in a wretched merchantman, and put up for sale in the public market. She was exquisitely beautiful, and was at once secured—I believe that is the word—secured for the Pasha. She had just been introduced into the seraglio when I beheld her large eyes distilling pearly tears. 'Courage!' I exclaimed, in the best Turkish I could muster; 'you shall be freed.' I at once enter the Pasha's presence once more, and lay down an emerald; a rare stone I obtained as a prize of war when I was in the army. The Pasha was entranced with it. 'I have been in your harem—I have seen the young Circassian—I will take her away!'"

"What said the Pasha?"

"Nothing; but he looked bowstrings and yataghans. 'I am an Englishman,' I said. 'Beware! The consul will communicate with the ambassador, the ambassador with the English Ministry, the Ministry with the Parliament, and Adrianople will be in ashes.'"

A general laugh circulated round the table.

"I was obliged to smile, as, word by word, this eloquent speech was translated by the trembling interpreter to the infuriated Pasha. Your true Turk is as sluggish in action as he is slow in thought. A dim perception of the actual fact at last stole over him, and, to conclude, I bore away my Circassian."

"Lucky dog!"

"It was doubtless thought all sorts of things. I treated her with the utmost respect. The Turks were astonished; I brought her over to this country; and the anecdote circulated in the papers. The English were astonished. She found a suitor, to whom I married her, presenting her with a dowry. I was a lion. So, you see, my emerald was not ill bestowed, for it brought me celebrity in two countries."

"Magnifithent!" sighed Fitz-John.

The ormolu clock on the mantel chimed half-past twelve. Bernard started. He remembered that before this hour he should have been at the appointment of death. He banished the thought. Let the artist fret his proud soul with impatience, he heeded not.

"Silence, gentlemen!" cried Lord Merthvin. "A toast!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted the guests, clashing their flasks on the table.

"The toast! the toast!" they cried. "Who's to propose it? Now, Merthvin, leave your damnable faces, and begin."

"The health of Hugh Bernard—be that my task!" exclaimed a stranger, entering, and pouring out a bumper from an adjacent decanter. It was the artist, Athol, pale and cloaked, who had silently taken his place at the table. The guests started. Hugh Bernard was about to speak. By a wave of the hand Athol stayed the rising word, and spoke.

"To Hugh Bernard, my lords and gentlemen; who extorts wealth from a young girl by means most despicable—the great sham—the adventurer—the coward!"

"Stay!" shouted Bernard. "Gentlemen, be this man my care! This way, sir; our explanation must be alone."

Bernard snatched up a lamp from the table, and led the way into an adjoining apartment. But few books gave a sanction to the name, but he called it his library. Over the mantelpiece was a tropy of arms. Bernard waited till Athol had entered, then shut the door. Athol, on his part, walked up to the trophy, and selected two swords, which he placed under his cloak.

"You had forgotten an appointment, Captain Bernard, of which I came to remind you."

"How dare you?"

"How dare I?" coolly retaliated the artist, as he quietly arranged writing paper on the table before him. "How dare I? Write!"

Bernard hesitated.

"I spared your life but a brief while since on your oath to meet me front to front. Is it your wish that I should reveal to your companions how bitterly you are foresworn?"

Bernard was still silent.

"I can understand," pursued Athol, "how swiftly the moments fly when the cheerful laugh and merry smile lend wings to their lagging feet. I have waited for you, resolving to be your companion. Having no friends with whom to converse, it must not surprise you that I should grow impatient. Write!"

Then Hugh Bernard, unable to resist, wrote the required lines. That he had gone on the Continent on pressing business, and might not return for some time. Athol carefully folded the paper, put it in its envelope, and placed it between the leaves of a book which was left upon the table.

"Come!"

Bernard slid into his dressing-room and enveloped himself in a loose coat. He then, without a word to his friends, followed Athol into the Albany. They came to Piccadilly where there were three or four cabriolets waiting belonging to the guests. One of the grooms, re[illegible]

"You need not accompany us," said Athol, jumping in, slowly followed by Bernard. "We would be alone."

The groom retired; Athol took the reins, and drove off to Battersea Fields, where the wager of life was to be played.

### CHAPTER XII.

BATTERSEA LIME KILN—BERNARD'S BRAVADO—THE MIDNIGHT DUEL—ATHOL SPARES THE LIFE OF BERNARD.

The night was dull with a grey mist. No stars were seen in the heavens. The fair moon forbore to fling her pale rays upon the earth. At the time we write, in the blank fields of Battersea there was a huge lime-kiln. Night and day, the abyss of fire vomited a red cloud which could be distinguished for miles away. During the night the kiln was watched by an old man. The space around was shrubless and dreary, and save the tread of the workmen employed, seldom a foot pressed the sodden, unfertile sward. The old watchman, to keep out the damp, had approached the furnace closely, and glared into the flame as though fashioned memories of the past, or dreams of the future, rose from the glittering coal. A sound struck upon the old man's ear. Turning round, he saw two distant lights, like glowing eyes in the darkness, approaching the kiln. They were the lamps of the cabriolet. The swift pacing horse soon reached the spot. Athol leaped out of the cabriolet, and directly went to the animal's head, he so feared that, after all, his foe might escape him.

"Hark ye, my man!" cried Athol; "where are we? Is this the Mortlake Road?"

"Lor' bless you, sir!" replied the old watchman, touching his hat; "you're a matter o' three miles out o' that."

"Tut!" answered Athol, with pretended impatience. "My friend here has injured his ankle, and the jolting of the cabriolet distracts him. Have you any brandy?"

The man laughed at the question.

"Could you get us any?"

"Why, Lor' bless you! the nearest public house is a mile at the least, across the fields. Here, it's nigh on two o'clock!"

"Now, if you can get me a pint of brandy, there's a sovereign, and you can keep the change for yourself."

The watchman stared with astonishment.

"A mile, is it? We shall expect you back in, say, three-quarters of an hour."

The old man's delight was inexpressible.

"I'll knock 'em up, sir, never you fear. I'll be back sooner than three-quarters. I'm not so young as I was; but I've run a mile in five minutes before now. Thank you, sir. I'll jest make up the fire a bit, and then——"

Athol watched him as he flung fresh fuel on the blaze, and waited quietly at the head of the horse until the form of the messenger had disappeared in the mist; then he gazed with a kind of awe on the kiln.

"At what do you gaze so earnestly?" inquired Bernard.

"At that which will be the grave of one of us. You know the bargain should you be victorious. You see the steps which encircle it."

Bernard bowed.

"No instant to lose," suddenly ejaculated Athol—"quick!"

He secured the horse to an outhouse, and directly took off his coat and waistcoat, turning up his shirt-sleeves. Bernard could not repress a smile of exultation as he noticed how recent illness had attenuated the form of the painter. Athol brought out the swords—the blades were long, lithe pieces of two-edged steel, sharpened to the keenness of a razor. Bernard was an accomplished swordsman. In a kind of bravado, to show his antagonist his perfect acquaintance with the weapon, he poised the point upon the ground—pressed the hilt down till the two extremes of the weapon almost touched, then suddenly released it with a peculiar touch, sent it springing and revolving in the air with so true a direction that the hilt fell precisely in his extended hand. Athol noticed the action, and understood the feeling which had engendered it. He replied in similar fashion. Carelessly he flung his handkerchief in the air, and suffered it to descend on the edge of the sword, it fell in two pieces on either side. Bernard was perfectly blanched as he saw the result of Athol's skill.

"Now," exclaimed the artist, "let us cease this childish toying, and proceed with our mission of death."

The fencers crossed their weapons. The hot glare of the kiln was their only light. Bernard, by a trick well known to swordsmen, bore heavily on the blade of his antagonist. His object was to weaken him still more, and enfeeble the muscles of his wrist. Athol felt, to his dismay, how terribly this persistent weight on his weapon was disabling him. He saw the fitful gleam of the flame as his sight wandered down the sward on which he stood, and recollected how soon it might envelope his corpse. But life without Lucy was not so cherished a thing that he should care for its loss. But Lucy herself—if he failed, what would be her fate? The thought, as a Premethean draught, renewed his life. His muscles braced themselves—his nerves grew true and steady—his sight became clear and sharp. Bernard was solid, cautious and slow; Athol, light, watchful, active! Carefully they change their ground, as, with a serpent hiss, the long, gleaming blades slide one against the other. A sudden thrust, and a rapid parry—Athol preserved his heart but by a hair's breadth. The sharp-pointed sword of Bernard had absolutely passed through the chance fold of his shirt. The incident, which rendered Bernard more excited, made Athol still more cool. The glow of the fire scattered itself on to the combatants, each in turn, as he passed before the blaze, sheltering his eyes with his open hand. The time wore away—the man would soon return. There was, therefore, no moment to lose. Bernard, impressed with the knowledge of Athol's skill, endeavored to lengthen the combat till the return of their messenger would end it altogether. Athol was not slow to understand the manœuvre of his antagonist, and endeavored by every means in his power to thwart it. Bernard was a complete master of his weapon, and, without exposing himself to the swift thrust of his adversary, Athol could not force the fighting. But he strove so arduously and so cunningly, that at last Bernard grew angry, and thus gave an opportunity to his unsleeping foe. A few rapid thrusts! A cry of pain from Bernard, as the quivering steel he held fell to the ground. Down the sword-arm there rolled a crimson streak, which showed where the sword of Athol had entered. Passing his blade beneath the fallen weapon, Athol lifted it, and presented it to Bernard.

"Quick!" he cried; "time presses—quick!"

"I can fight no more," returned Bernard. "My arm is helpless, as you see."

"You forget," answered Athol, "our contest was to the death."

"I am helpless, I repeat," exclaimed Hugh. "I cannot lift my arm. Strike, if you please. But in England, to strike a defenceless man is murder. Do you choose to risk the penalty of the gallows? Here is the victim; and there, see you, is the witness."

Athol was foiled, and almost maddened.

Bernard smiled his old sardonic smile.

"Confess," he cried,—"confess, my enthusiastic artist, that fate is against you. You will be a visitor at my wedding yet!"

The taunt struck home. Athol, in his passion, could have dashed his sword in the mocker's face.

"Brave man!" continued Bernard, "to threaten an antagonist who can lift no finger in his defence!"

Athol was but human, and his power of restraint was deserting him.

"For the sake of my soul and yours, be still!" he cried.

"Yes," he pursued, unnoticing; "the lover shall be present at the marriage of his mistress to another!"

Athol felt a rising in his throat—his eyes were blinded with a thousand sparks—his hand clutched the hilt of the sharp sword. Bernard even, noticing the expression on his face, grew alarmed. Shrinking away, he looked nervously in the direction whence the man was returning. His figure could be discerned more clearly. With a cry almost unearthly, Athol, unable to restrain his passion, leapt to where he stood. Bernard cowered on the ground. A moment of seething rage, and Athol had broken the weapon across his knee. He had escaped the temptation; and with his brain in a maze of bewilderment, turned away. The old man returned to the kiln with the brandy.

"Mercy on us, gentlemen!" he exclaimed.

Bernard stopped his exclamation. With his left hand he took his purse from his pocket.

"Open it," he enjoined.

The old man did so.

"Can you drive?"

The watchman nodded.

"Help me into the cabriolet; then drive on to Chelsea, that I may obtain assistance. Take a sovereign."

The man, delighted, obeyed.

"Hark ye, friend artist," cried Bernard, as he was driving off; "remember—at St. George's to-morrow, not later than eleven. You will be punctual?"

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy!" cried Athol. "Lost forever—to yourself, as unto me!" TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE TURF.

### TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

Although the trotting season of 1864 is fast drawing to a close, and the keen winds of November bear convincing evidence of the approach of winter, the patrons of the sport appreciate as warmly as ever a well contested race between two good horses, and turn out in force whenever a match is announced on the Union or the Fashion Courses. On Monday, the 14th, the match for $1000, mile heats, best three in five in harness, between Dan Mace's b. m. Young Flora, and Hiram Woodruff's br. m. Belle Boyd, produced one of the best contested trots of the season, no less than five heats being trotted before the judges could declare the winner. Hiram's mare was the favorite in the betting when the horses were brought on the track, one hundred to thirty being currently offered on her winning, and she won the first two heats very easily in 2:49—2:44. The third heat produced a magnificent race, and was eventually won by Young Flora by a head only in 2:46. In the fourth heat, Belle Boyd was carried to a break, and Young Flora won easily by three lengths in 2:46. The heats were [illegible] taken, the Belle Boyd party seeming to have lost all confidence in her. They got off on very even terms, and lay head and head around the first turn and to the quarter pole. Down the back stretch they were neck and neck, and as they past the half mile post they seemed like a double team. Inside the distance stand, Belle Boyd broke up and Flora won the heat and race by a couple of lengths in 2:46½. We give the summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I., MONDAY, Nov. 14—Match $1000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D. Mace named b m Young Flora | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| H. Woodruff named br m Belle Boyd | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |

| TIME. | Quarter. | Half. | Mile. |
|---|---|---|---|
| First heat | 40 | 1:20 | 2:49 |
| Second heat | 40 | 1:20½ | 2:44 |
| Third heat | 42 | 1:26 | 2:46 |
| Fourth heat | 42 | 1:26 | 2:46 |
| Fifth heat | 42 | 1:25 | 2:46½ |

On the same Course, Wednesday, the 16th inst., a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off between Wm. McRoberts' g. g. Little Mac and Robert Walker's br. m. Irish Maid. The latter was the favorite at $100 to $40, and she took such a commanding lead, being eight lengths ahead at the quarter pole, that her backers anxiously enquired of the judges if they had appointed a distance judge, as they were certain that Little Mac would be distanced. The uncertainty of trotting was strikingly illustrated in this race; Little Mac trotting steadily and squarely, carried the mare twice to a break, and came home an easy winner of the heat by half a dozen lengths in 2:41½. He now took the mare's place as favorite in the betting, $100 to $40 being freely offered on his winning, and after he had won the second heat, $100 to $10 could readily have been obtained. He took the lead in both heats and retained it throughout, winning them in 2:39 and 2:39, much to the disappointment of the backers of the Irish Maid. We give the summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16th, match $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W. McRoberts named g g Little Mac | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| R. Walker named br m Irish Maid | 2 | 2 | 2 |

| TIME. | Quarter. | Half. | Mile. |
|---|---|---|---|
| First heat | 42 | 1:23 | 2:41½ |
| Second heat | 39 | 1:20 | 2:39 |
| Third heat | 39 | 1:20 | 2:39 |

### TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L.I.

COM. VANDERBILT vs. RATTLESNAKE.

On Wednesday, the 16th inst., a match for $2000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, between the promising young stallion Commodore Vanderbilt and the b. g. Rattlesnake, came off on the Fashion Course, L.I. Vanderbilt has distinguished himself highly during the latter part of the fall season by his easy victories over the famous stallion Toronto Chief and the game Lady Clifton; and his owner, Mr William Turnbull, of this city, a thorough sportsman and excellent judge, entertained so high an opinion of his merits that he did not hesitate to match him against the fast gelding Rattlesnake for one thousand dollars a side, mile heats, to wagons, wagon and driver to weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. The race was postponed, on account of the weather, several times, and it was eventually arranged to trot it on the day above mentioned. The track was wet and heavy, but was considerably improved by scraping it just before the hour appointed for the start. The young stallion looked so fine as Dan Mace, his trainer, scored him, that the betting quickly became one hundred to thirty in his favor, and after the first heat one hundred to five were offered, and even as high odds as one hundred to two could have been obtained. He won the two first heats without an effort, taking the lead and maintaining it throughout; time, 2.37¼—2.38¼. Rattlesnake was withdrawn after the second heat. Commodore Vanderbilt is now matched for $2000, to trot a mile in harness under 2.30, on the same course; a good day and track being specified. Some thousands of dollars in outside bets are dependant on the issue; the young stallion having the call of time in the betting, as it is well known that he has trotted the half mile in 1.15 without being fairly extended.—Summary:

FASHION COURSE, L.I., WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.—Match for $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons; wagon and driver to weigh two hundred and fifty pounds.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D. Mace named b. s. Commodore Vanderbilt | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| D. Pfifer named b. g. Rattlesnake | 2 | 2 | dr. |

Time—2.37¼, 2.38¼. Track heavy.

TROTTING IN BOSTON.—The Riverside Park Trotting Ground was the scene of a couple of interesting races on the 16th and 17th inst, of which the following is a summary:

Nov. 16th.—Sweepstakes $500, P. P., rain or shine, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. Copps names g m Lady Warren | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| J. J. Bowen names blk m Blackstone Belle | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| J. H. Martin names blk s Leviathan | 3 | 2 | 3 |

Time, 2:44; 2:46¼; 2:44.

Nov. 17th.—Match $2,000. P. P., two mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. J. Bowen names g g Brighton Dick | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Thomas Cragin names s g Albany Boy | 2 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 6:20; 6:19; 6:30.

### TROTTING IN CALIFORNIA.

A trot for $4,000, three miles and repeat, came off on the Bay View Park trotting grounds, San Francisco, on October 14th, between Mr. Ferguson's gray mare, Unknown, and Mr. Shear's chestnut gelding, Fillmore, which was won by the Unknown. Charley Shear handled Fillmore in the two first heats, but on the third Jim Eoff, who had considerable money, bet in favor of the horse, and thinking he could do better with him than Charley, took the ribbons himself. He didn't mend matters, however, as the time made on the respective heats will show. Summary:—

Bay View Park—Match for $4,000, three miles and repeat, in harness.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Ferguson's Unknown | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Shear's Fillmore | 1 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 7:58½; 8:02; 8:12½.

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

## REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

## Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

## To Correspondents.

C. A. D., Chelsea, Mass.—1. During the Algerine war, the Basha of Algiers attempted to levy a tax on all vessels navigating his waters, and it was while a discussion was going on in Congress relative thereto that Chas. Catesworth Pinckney made use of the quotation, "Millions for defence, not one cent for tribute," Andrew Jackson also made use of the term—publicly and as a watchword. 2. "I follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor" emanated from Martin Van Buren. 3. The inscription on a Jackson cent was "Perish Credit, Perish Commerce—My Substitute for the U. S. Bank," etc.

H. C. M., Oswego, N. Y.—1. Dan Donnelly never fought a nigger—Dan fought and defeated Tom Hall, Sept. 14, 1814, for 100 guineas, 15r., on the Curragh of Kildare; beat Cooper, Dec. 13, 1815, for 6 guineas, 22m., Curragh of Kildare; beat Oliver, July 21, 1819, 100 guineas, 70m., 34r., Crawley. 2. The Duke of Wellington was an Irishman. 3. No.

ENQUIRER.—John E. Owens played Jakey in the localized burlesque of "A Glance at Philadelphia," at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, June 2d, 1848. The same piece was played in this city at Mitchell's Olympic and at the Bowery as "A Glance at New York." B. A. Baker was the author.

LT. J. W., Camden, N. J.—Write to Jennings himself—he knows Turk's pedigree best, and if, as you say, you purchased a pup from him, none will be happier to give you the desired information.

G. R.—1. The original Madame Wharton was never in this country. 2. There was a model artist show in Grand street some years ago—we know of none existing here at present, if there are, they are conducted "on the quiet."

BASE BALL PLAYER, Albany.—The club not having had their best nine at the match was clearly the fault of none others but themselves, and if they were beaten, we don't see how it can be considered any thing else but a defeat.

ROXTON, Camp near City Point, Va.—"1. In a lay out of Faro, is the king on the right or left hand of the dealer? 2. Does he lay the cards to the right or left of the box?" .....1. Left. 2. Right.

J. C.—Billiards were invented by the French, and the individual ascribed as the inventor is Henrique Devigne, an artist in the reign of Charles IX, about 1571. Slate billiard tables were introduced in England in 1827.

B. FARLEY, San Francisco, Cal.—A card from you embracing the facts in the case has already been published—hence our reasons for omitting your second letter.

O. F., Fall River.—We take the ground that no one can go alone when a partner assists; Hoyle says the dealer may or he may not, but that the point should be settled before commencing the game.

A. J. M., Sioux City.—1. Yes. Orison Blunt corner of White and Centre streets, N. Y. city. 2. We do not, as a rule, answer correspondents by letter.

GEO-DEO-PEO-BOO, Philadelphia.—1. The lady you mention was in the ballet about four years ago. 2. If you ask Lucille Western's husband what business he follows, he will probably tell you.

G. H. B., Pittsburgh.—Tony Pastor was at 444 Broadway under Butler's management for a long time. He left there eight weeks ago and went to St. Louis to fulfil an engagement.

S. J. W.—The lady was born in this city and commenced her dramatic career at the old Bowery. Has been travelling through the West for some time.

D. G. S., Providence.—The company disbanded some time since, and its members are all over the country in different music halls.

FLORENCE, Washington.—We already had a communication in type when yours arrived. Items will always be acceptable. Write on Friday of each week.

HARTFORD, CT.—A. I. Menken's "Book of Poems" is out of print. We believe the lady intends to reproduce them in London at an early day.

ED. C.—"A and B are playing a game of straight poker, A goes $1 blind, B straddles with double the amount—how much does it take A to call B?"......It costs $1.

H. W. S.—"S and C are throwing dice. S threw 10. C bets S $10 that he beats S's throw, the bet is accepted, C throws and ties. Who wins the money?"......S wins.

N. E.—1. We don't understand the query. 2. He was so con[illegible] capable of giving reasons—[illegible] Cornell and [illegible]—he has sparred with good men in this and adjacent cities.

ANCIENT SUBSCRIBER, Buffalo.—Bendigo never fought Molineaux the Black.

AN OLD SUB.—The letter "e" is the most used in the English language.

W. L. R., U. S. Signal Cops, Chattanooga, Tenn.—The lady did not accomplish the 1000 miles in 1000 hours.

YOUNG BROTHERS, Lockport, N. Y.—We don't desire such an advertisement at any price.

E. E., Wyandette.—The steamer was wrecked on September 12, 1857.

D. G., Ripon, Wis.—Six lines for three months, $7.50; for six months, $14.

GREEN POINT.—1. The ace is not the winning card. 2. The non-dealer takes game.

SUBSCRIBER.—C can order it up, and go alone, if he wishes to do so.

E. R., UNION, Cincinnati.—A letter each week would be acceptable.

ACE OF HEARTS, N. Y.—From your statement we should decide that it was not a mis-deal.

HERBERT N.—Has been on the stage since childhood. Past thirty and is not married.

J. WILLIAMS.—The old Bowery Theatre, New York, will seat and hold more persons than the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.

COLUMBUS, Henry Coshocton.—Gardiner & Hemming's Circus has closed up, and the proprietors are living in Philadelphia.

PETE FISHER, Wench Dancer.—Not a copy of that date in the office.

IGNORAMUS, Philadelphia.—"Lurline" was the Goddess of the Water Nymphs—the meaning of the word is "under the water."

H. M. G., Nashville, Tenn.—One mile in 2 minutes 19¾ seconds on the Kalamazoo track, Mich.

M. P.—The club was the first offensive weapon; then followed the mace, battle axe, spear, javelin, sword and dagger.

E. M. P., Louisville.—Send us a sketch, with the price marked upon it. If suitable, we will notify you as to future intentions.

JOHN W., Point Lookout, Md.—Kate Vance was born in Paris, France, July, 1840. Has been on the stage since 1853.

JAS. P. B., Seneca Falls.—For black Spanish fowls address Jonathan Dorwart, Lancaster City, Pa.

J. T. Y.—Charlotte Thompson and George W. Thompson are no relation.

FRANK.—1. We are not aware of the whereabouts of the parties you mention. 2. The lady is the wife of J. E. Sefton.

R. PERRY, Baltimore.—Your "adver." will cost $2.40 for four insertions.

THEATRICAL, Boston.—We cannot inform you how you can obtain all the New York programmes.

T. H. X., Yonkers.—He voted for Lincoln for the Presidency. None of the electors expect that office we apprehend.

FRANK T. SIMONS, Washington.—Send the letter to this office and we will advertise it for the lady.

L. E. B.—Your $3 pay for three insertions.

NEWS DEPOT, City Point.—See answer to O. F.

MINSTREL, Philadelphia.—Dan Gardner was born Oct. 25, 1816.

PHILO.—He can show out with high.

M. C. E., Haverhill, Mass.—Three months for $7.50.

CHARLIE S.—Items always acceptable.

BARNEY.—James B. was the "booby."

E. V., Shirley Village, Mass.—Twenty-five per cent off.

THANKSGIVING.—All hands, barring the cook, will no doubt take a holiday on Thursday of this week, 24th inst., and in response to the proclamations of President Lincoln and Governor Seymour, render thanks according to his or her own particular notion. The ball players and cricketers, providing the weather is fine, will muster on their respective practice grounds for the last time this season, as Thanksgiving day, by common consent, is looked upon as the closing day for all sorts of out of door summer sports, which "simmer down" after that date. There will be lots of fun, however, around the family hearth, and among the billiard fraternity; the theatres, menagerie, circus, and other places of amusement, will give attractive performances, and last but not least, the brave soldier boys in the field, in the hospital and elsewhere, have a good prospect of feasting on turkey, etc. Taking a review of "matters and things" as they are, we think there is great occasion to be thankful, and we hope that no CLIPPER reader will have cause to be other than jubilant.

NEW SUNDAY PAPER.—Another addition has been made to the list of Sunday papers in Philadelphia; the new comer is called the *Sunday Herald*, the initial No. bearing date November 6. It is devoted to general news, literature, fine arts, the drama, and everything else that may possess interest for the readers of a Sabbath journal. S. E. Cohen & Son, of 108 South Third street, are the publishers. The terms of the Philadelphia *Sunday Herald* are two dollars per annum, or five cents for a single copy.

## THE WAR.

WE are still marching on in warlike columns, perfecting ourselves in the use of the gun and pistol on the field of battle and in civil life. If all the valiant people who carry concealed weapons could be "mustered in," what an army they would make, and how quickly the war would be ended; but, as Artemus Ward says, it "cannot was," so they do home duty, keeping themselves in practice by popping away at policemen, barkeepers, and verdant young fellers who refuse to enlist. Ever since nobody has been hung, private killing has been on the increase, until the war news and murders in our big cities form the principal portion of our every day reading. Oh, that sombody would put something into somebody's hand to drive the assassin into Dixie's land. . . . Of Sherman's movements we know a great deal, but we daresn't tell; you'll find out all about it through the rebel papers, from which sources we get most of our news. We may state this much, however, without fear of incurring the displeasure of the Governor elect, that Sherman's army is getting its rations by what it feeds on, that it is making its way by heretofore unbeaten paths towards the heart of the rebellion, and that it wont come out at the end that it went in; this much we are permitted to divulge. If it were not that we are bound by an oath of allegiance, we should inform our readers that General Sherman is on his way to Augusta, to Macon, to Savannah, to Mobile, to Charleston, and various other similar objective points, his intention being to introduce camp meetings among the benighted people in that section of country. So much for Sherman. As for Hood, he's strengthening his position somewhere, preparatory to cutting Sherman's communications and army into pieces—it's his way of earning a livelihood, although the General is not a very lively Hood under present circumstances. Early, in the Shenandoah, is training for another race on that favorite track, but he has been beaten so often that he won't make the race unless Sheridan gives him a bigger start than usual. Phil. *may*, possibly, accommodate him as soon as he gets himself into a fix. Grant and Lee understand each other pretty well, and they get on together very nicely; they are both engaged in water works, Grant trying to entice James River through a shorter cut, and Lee endeavoring to make submarine batteries of a few choice positions in his immediate front. If they don't interfere much with each other, it is thought they will succeed, in which event the water works will put out the fire works. We think there'll be peace pretty soon—the rebels are tired of the war, and so are we; it's time it was stopped, anyhow: we could sell a great many more papers if there was no war. We went down to Washington the other day to have a talk with Abe about this war business; we are quite thick, Abe being an old sport, and a regular brick. "Abey," said we, polite like, "don't you think you're running the war into the ground?" "Yes," says he, with a knowing look, "and the rebels with it." "As an old sport, now, Abey, how much longer do you expect to run it?" "Well, Billy Seward says it'll shet up in about ninety days," and he laughed like a hyena. Then the old feller tried to choke us off with little stories, but we told 'em just as fast as he did, and we beat him at his own game. You wouldn't believe how he took to us when he discovered what a capital story teller we were. Says he, "do you make 'em yourself, or do you have 'em made for you?" "Make 'em," said we, rather sternly. "Would you mind making a lot of fresh ones for me?" asked he, kindly. Drawing ourself up, we replied, harshly, "Abraham, we've enough to do to make jokes for the readers of the CLIPPER, without attempting to amuse the nation." We were sorry we said it, for it hurt his feelings, you could see. However, he promised to forgive us if we said nothing about it, so we took the oath and a glass of good old Bourbon; but before separating, we again asked him about the probable duration of the war. "You see," says he, quietly, "I've got a good many around me who don't *want* the war to end; it pays 'em better than peace; each chap has friends that he grinds axes for, and them friends grinds axes for [illegible] to grind, so long as there's and peace won't come unless a change is made among the grinders, and that's what I'm about to do." We took another oath on it, and another glass of something, and parted, Abram making us promise that we would call again, for he said he felt a good deal better since he had seen us. And thus stands the situation at present.

OH, CONSISTENCY!—Some of the Philadelphia daily papers seem to be terribly severe on prize fights, and such things, yet they are always on the alert to give their readers the earliest details of all such "brutal affairs." One would naturally imagine that "pugilism" possessed no interest for the readers of such overmodest dailies, which prate about "sporting papers encouraging such displays," and much other buncombe stuff of a like character; yet every little prize ring encounter is dished up by those immaculate dailies as a sweet morsel for their readers, and a fit accompaniment for their morning repast. Not long ago a prize fight took place about ten or twelve miles north of Philadelphia, and we detailed a reporter to witness the affair, and report it for the CLIPPER. He *did* witness it, and we have been informed by a number of reliable persons present, that he was in fact the only reporter on the ground. The proprietors of some of the Philadelphia papers, of a pressing and inquiring turn of mind, seem to have got hold of *our* reporter, for the day following the "brutal pugilistic display," the moral readers of those *very* moral family papers were regaled with a full report of the fight, as it *should* have been written for the "sporting paper" of New York, but which was forestalled by the persuasive eloquence and tempting offers of the very men who pretend to denounce prize fighting and sporting papers. Our reporter remained with his Philadelphia "friends" some time; we didn't see him for several days, and were actually obliged to copy the report from one of the highly-moral daily papers of the Quaker City. This is a fact. Now which is the most honest course to pursue, to give your readers what you think they like, without moralizing over it in such a sickening manner, or to give the "disgusting details" in one portion of your paper, and condemn the whole proceeding in an "editorial" in another column? The whole truth of the matter is, the "moral dailies" will publish anything that pays; a crim. con. case is a little fortune for them, because all moral readers of moral dailies like to dwell upon such recitals of tender scenes; thousands of extra copies are sold when such cases are reported; a horrible murder is another great source of profit to the highly respectable dailies; but a pearl of still greater price than these is a "brutal and bloody prize fight;" nothing equals it for selling respectable papers, and this little fact only goes to show that the tastes of supporters of "moral family payers" are no better than the tastes of readers of sporting papers, and those "side editorials" are all bosh.

PRICE TEN CENTS.—On the first page of the CLIPPER the price is marked clearly at ten cents per copy; yet we are given to understand that at the hotel stands in Washington and other places purchasers are charged fifteen cents per copy. This should not be—agents are allowed a sufficient margin to enable them to sell the CLIPPER at ten cents, and make a fair profit at that. Wholesale dealers get them at six and a quarter cents per copy, and retailers at seven cents, which is considered a liberal allowance. Many who would buy our paper at the regular price, refuse to give fifteen cents; and, as they must see it by *some* means, why, they *borrow* it, wherever they can. This isn't at all fair, and dealers who overcharge their patrons are injuring themselves as well as us. We always advise our friends to buy the CLIPPER from agents instead of subscribing at the office for it; but if the regular price is not adhered to, we shall be compelled to adopt another course.

A LAZY FAMILY.—There is a family in Vermont so lazy that it takes two of them to chop a stick of wood. Siah chops while Jim grunts, and then for a change Jim chops and Siah grunts.

BIG CHALLENGE.—Joe Coburn has put forth a big challenge, offering to fight Jemmy Mace for $10,000 a side, and give the ex-Champion $1500 to fight in Canada. We don't believe anything will come of it—we don't believe Mace or any other English pugilist can be induced to come here; we cannot expect Mace to fight in this country when he was afraid to fight in Ireland; his sun has set, never to rise again.

A PIGEON SHOOT took place on the Seacaucus Race Track, N. J., on Monday, the 21st inst., at 11 birds each, for $200 a side, 21 yards rise, 1¼ oz. shot, 80 yards boundary, between Messrs. Myers and Follagher, and Wheatley and Ludlow. Myers and Ludlow won by killing 16 to their opponents 11. After the above, Mr. Taylor defeated Mr. Farrand in a match for $5 a side, by one bird. The former killed three out of five, and the latter, who had one dead bird given him, only shot one other, his score being 2 out of 5.

BAD COUGH.—Now is the season for coughs, colds, and other afflicting ailments. For these troublesome innovations Mason & Co., of No. 58, North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, have prepared a medicated candy, which is really a good article, affording great relief to those who use it according to directions, which, like the candy, are very simple, and easily understood. Ten cents will buy a stick of it.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH" is an adage pregnant with truth, and with gold at 2:40, we think economy is also a virtue. Hence it is that we advise all smoking CLIPPERITES to eschew 25-cent cigars and take to puffing Berg & Co's Patent Cigarettos, which, as we can tell from personal experience, combine the essentials of cheapness and quality. For where to get them, see Gail & Co's advertisement in another column.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS hold their annual convention at Clinton Hall, N. Y., on December 14th. As business of an important nature is to be transacted, a full attendance is requested.

## BILLIARDS.

### MATCH FOR THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF CONNECTICUT.

GERSHOM B. HUBBELL AGAIN THE VICTOR.

The match for the Championship of the State of Connecticut, and the emblematic "Golden Cue," between the present holder of the title, Mr. Gershom B. Hubbell, of Hartford, the victor in the late tournament, and Mr. Michael Wollahan, the superintendant of the Allyn House billiard rooms, in the same city, came off at the Allyn Hall, Hartford, on Tuesday evening, the 15th instant. To Connecticut is the honor due of first inaugurating the holding of State tournaments, for the purpose of ascertaining who, among the professional and amateur billiard artists of their respective limits, is best entitled to be regarded as the representative billiard player of the State. The example which Connecticut set was quickly followed by the Keystone State, and Maryland, Massachusetts and Ohio, are even now making arrangements for doing likewise. Lower Canada has already held a congress of its most accomplished billiard artists, professional and amateur; and Upper Canada, during the present week, holds a tournament in Toronto, at which its champion billiard player will be elected.

The vastly increasing popularty of the noble game of billiards, and the improved estimation in which it is held among all classes of society is strikingly illustrated by the fact that in the very State of Connecticut, which, as already stated, was the first to establish these state billiard tournaments, there existed on the statute book, within the last quarter of a century, a law making the possession of a billiard table a prison offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment. These tournaments are patronised by individuals of the highest social position, intellect, and worth, and the practical displays of the manifold beauties of the game which they afford to those who witness them, are productive of the greatest interest and delight. In the Connecticut tournament, which was held in Hartford last August, there were eight competitors, viz.: Messrs. G. B. Hubbell and M. H. Hewins, of Hartford; W. G. Staples, of Norwich; H. Keating and L. Cooper, of New Haven; G. B. Hunt and W. C. Porter, of Bridgeport; and J. B. Burbank, of New London. On this occasion, Mr. Hubbell proved the victor, winning the majority of the games in which he was engaged, and the proud title of "Billiard Champion of Connecticut, and possession of the "Golden Cue," which is its tangible emblem. He was not, however, allowed to win and wear his laurels undisturbed, as he was immediately challenged for the championship by Mr. Michael Wollahan, the superintendant of the Allyn Hall Billiard Rooms, who had not been a participant in the tournament, and who deposited the sum of $150, (that being the amount of the stake fixed upon by the conditions for challenging for the championship) in the hands of the appointed stakeholder. The match in question was the result of this *defi*, the champion being compelled to accept all challenges made in conformity with the conditions. Allyn Hall was the place fixed upon for the match, for which its excellent and capacious accommodations admirably adapted it. The table, one of Messrs. Phelan & Collender's four-pocket standard Americans, was kindly furnished by T. M. Allyn, Esq., for the occasion. Inside the ruled off space in the centre of the hall, were seats for the umpires, referee, and representatives of the press, of whom there were several present. Among the large assemblage present were many of the leading citizens of Hartford; while among the billiard notabilities in attendance were—the Father of American Billiards, Michael Phelan, Melvin Foster and Wm. Freeman, of New York; Ralph Benjamin of Bridgeport; John Montgomery, Philadelphia; Hardinge, Boston; Hewins, Hartford, etc. Mr. Hubbell selected Mr. Hardinge as his umpire, and Mr. Wollahan chose Mr. Henrico. Mr. Ralph Benjamin was mutually agreed upon as referee, and Mr. J. Montgomery as scorer.

THE match commenced at 7:50 P. M., Wollahan leading and scoring 7. Hubbell followed and made but a single carom; on his second innings he was more successful—making, by very fine play, a run of 42. The lead which he thus obtained he kept gradually but surely increasing, turning the first hundred points [illegible] 154 on the second hundred. On the next string Hubbell's play exhibited a great falling off, and Wollahan closed the gap a little—being 100 behind when the third hundred was turned. Hubbell gained a little on the fourth string, which he turned 112 points ahead; but on the next hundred there was again a marked falling off in his play, as he missed several easy shots. When the fifth hundred points (or half the game) was scored, Wollahan was only 9 behind his opponent, although, on his 78th innings, he had taken the lead, which, however, he only maintained for a moment. On the sixth hundred Hubbell was 25 ahead, and, at this stage, Wollahan pulled himself well together, and, playing steadily and well, passed his opponent and turned the seventh hundred 23 points ahead. A finely-obtained run of 55 once more placed Hubbell in the van, and he never afterwards lost the advantage; he led 62 on the eighth, and 92 on the ninth hundred, and when the game of 1000 points was called, the scores stood—Hubbell 1000, Wollahan 921—the former thus winning by 79 points, and maintaining his claim to be considered the "Champion Billiard-Player of the State of Connecticut."

Appended we give the full score of the game:—

| WOLLAHAN. Shot. | Count. | Total. | HUBBELL. Count. | Total. | WOLLAHAN. Shot. | Count. | Total. | HUBBELL. Count. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 2 | 77 | 5 | 452 | 5 | 467 |
| 2 | 2 | 9 | 40 | 42 | 78 | 23 | 475 | 2 | 469 |
| 3 | 5 | 14 | 8 | 50 | 79 | 5 | 480 | 5 | 474 |
| 4 | 0 | 14 | 2 | 52 | 80 | 2 | 482 | 12 | 486 |
| 5 | 0 | 14 | 2 | 54 | 81 | 0 | 482 | 0 | 486 |
| 6 | 9 | 23 | 0 | 54 | 82 | 0 | 482 | 9 | 495 |
| 7 | 2 | 25 | 17 | 71 | 83 | 9 | 491 | 30 | 525 |
| 8 | 7 | 32 | 28 | 99 | 84 | 3 | 494 | 10 | 535 |
| 9 | 6 | 38 | 14 | 113 | 85 | 2 | 496 | 8 | 543 |
| 10 | 0 | 38 | 25 | 138 | 86 | 31 | 527 | 26 | 569 |
| 11 | 8 | 46 | 78 | 216 | 87 | 0 | 527 | 0 | 569 |
| 12 | 0 | 46 | 0 | 216 | 88 | 0 | 527 | 0 | 569 |
| 13 | 2 | 48 | 5 | 221 | 89 | 7 | 534 | 2 | 571 |
| 14 | 29 | 77 | 0 | 221 | 90 | 3 | 537 | 5 | 576 |
| 15 | 5 | 82 | 0 | 221 | 91 | 9 | 546 | 16 | 592 |
| 16 | 3 | 85 | 3 | 224 | 92 | 2 | 548 | 2 | 594 |
| 17 | 0 | 85 | 0 | 224 | 93 | 27 | 575 | 21 | 615 |
| 18 | 12 | 97 | 4 | 228 | 94 | 0 | 575 | 3 | 618 |
| 19 | 0 | 97 | 4 | 232 | 95 | 0 | 575 | 5 | 623 |
| 20 | 4 | 101 | 8 | 240 | 96 | 47 | 622 | 0 | 623 |
| 21 | 31 | 132 | 0 | 240 | 97 | 18 | 640 | 0 | 623 |
| 22 | 10 | 142 | 3 | 243 | 98 | 6 | 646 | 6 | 629 |
| 23 | 1 | 143 | 0 | 243 | 99 | 0 | 646 | 5 | 634 |
| 24 | 4 | 147 | 0 | 243 | 100 | 7 | 653 | 4 | 638 |
| 25 | 2 | 149 | 0 | 243 | 101 | 6 | 659 | 6 | 644 |
| 26 | 11 | 160 | 0 | 243 | 102 | 0 | 659 | 5 | 649 |
| 27 | 0 | 160 | 45 | 288 | 103 | 1 | 660 | 2 | 651 |
| 28 | 6 | 166 | 0 | 288 | 104 | 0 | 660 | 0 | 651 |
| 29 | 2 | 168 | 7 | 295 | 105 | 4 | 664 | 15 | 666 |
| 30 | 28 | 196 | 0 | 295 | 106 | 3 | 667 | 5 | 671 |
| 31 | 5 | 201 | 7 | 302 | 107 | 24 | 691 | 0 | 671 |
| 32 | 7 | 208 | 0 | 302 | 108 | 10 | 701 | 4 | 681 |
| 33 | 1 | 209 | 0 | 302 | 109 | 0 | 701 | 0 | 681 |
| 34 | 20 | 229 | 3 | 305 | 110 | 10 | 711 | 55 | 736 |
| 35 | 0 | 229 | 0 | 305 | 111 | 0 | 711 | 3 | 739 |
| 36 | 0 | 229 | 31 | 336 | 112 | 3 | 714 | 1 | 740 |
| 37 | 0 | 229 | 5 | 341 | 113 | 7 | 721 | 9 | 749 |
| 38 | 5 | 234 | 3 | 344 | 114 | 6 | 727 | 0 | 749 |
| 39 | 0 | 234 | 3 | 347 | 115 | 0 | 727 | 5 | 754 |
| 40 | 1 | 235 | 34 | 381 | 116 | 0 | 727 | 5 | 759 |
| 41 | 8 | 243 | 0 | 381 | 117 | 7 | 734 | 8 | 767 |
| 42 | 3 | 246 | 10 | 391 | 118 | 0 | 734 | 10 | 777 |
| 43 | 23 | 269 | 5 | 396 | 119 | 0 | 734 | 2 | 779 |
| 44 | 5 | 274 | 3 | 399 | 120 | 3 | 737 | 9 | 788 |
| 45 | 9 | 283 | 0 | 399 | 121 | 0 | 737 | 6 | 794 |
| 46 | 0 | 283 | 0 | 399 | 122 | 1 | 738 | 10 | 804 |
| 47 | 1 | 284 | 1 | 400 | 123 | 0 | 738 | 0 | 804 |
| 48 | 4 | 288 | 0 | 400 | 124 | 0 | 738 | 3 | 807 |
| 49 | 0 | 288 | 6 | 406 | 125 | 2 | 740 | 0 | 807 |
| 50 | 3 | 291 | 0 | 406 | 126 | 24 | 764 | 36 | 843 |
| 51 | 6 | 297 | 0 | 406 | 127 | 7 | 771 | 3 | 846 |
| 52 | 0 | 297 | 10 | 416 | 128 | 3 | 774 | 9 | 855 |
| 53 | 0 | 297 | 4 | 420 | 129 | 2 | 776 | 10 | 865 |
| 54 | 2 | 299 | 0 | 420 | 130 | 10 | 786 | 0 | 865 |
| 55 | 3 | 302 | 0 | 420 | 131 | 2 | 788 | 0 | 865 |
| 56 | 18 | 320 | 0 | 420 | 132 | 2 | 790 | 2 | 867 |
| 57 | 8 | 328 | 0 | 420 | 133 | 18 | 808 | 6 | 873 |
| 58 | 1 | 329 | 5 | 425 | 134 | 0 | 808 | 12 | 885 |
| 59 | 0 | 329 | 0 | 425 | 135 | 0 | 808 | 12 | 897 |
| 60 | 5 | 334 | 0 | 425 | 136 | 0 | 808 | 7 | 904 |
| 61 | 9 | 343 | 2 | 427 | 137 | 0 | 808 | 0 | 904 |
| 62 | 7 | 350 | 6 | 433 | 138 | 0 | 808 | 0 | 904 |
| 63 | 30 | 380 | 8 | 441 | 139 | 21 | 829 | 28 | 932 |
| 64 | 1 | 381 | 3 | 444 | 140 | 2 | 831 | 9 | 941 |
| 65 | 4 | 385 | 2 | 446 | 141 | 0 | 831 | 0 | 941 |
| 66 | 0 | 385 | 1 | 447 | 142 | 0 | 831 | 2 | 943 |
| 67 | 6 | 391 | 4 | 451 | 143 | 2 | 833 | 1 | 944 |
| 68 | 20 | 411 | 0 | 451 | 144 | 0 | 833 | 0 | 944 |
| 69 | 3 | 414 | 0 | 451 | 145 | 11 | 844 | 2 | 946 |
| 70 | 8 | 422 | 3 | 454 | 146 | 6 | 850 | 0 | 946 |
| 71 | 6 | 428 | 6 | 460 | 147 | 23 | 873 | 43 | 989 |
| 72 | 4 | 432 | 0 | 460 | 148 | 0 | 873 | 3 | 992 |
| 73 | 7 | 439 | 0 | 460 | 149 | 37 | 910 | 0 | 992 |
| 74 | 0 | 439 | 0 | 460 | 150 | 1 | 911 | 1 | 993 |
| 75 | 8 | 447 | 2 | 462 | 151 | 7 | 918 | 0 | 993 |
| 76 | 0 | 447 | 0 | 462 | 152 | 3 | 921 | 7 | 1000 |

Time—4 hours and 55 minutes. Winner's average—6-94 over. Loser's average—6-15 over. Winner's highest run—78. Loser's highest run—47.

The winner was warmly congratulated by his numerous friends on the termination of the match. Mr. Ralph Benjamin, then, on behalf of Lieut. G. B. Hunt, of Bridgeport, formally challenged the victor to a trial of skill for the Championship and Golden Cue, and announced that the latter had, in accordance with the usual conditions, deposited the required amount of $150 in the hands of the customary stakeholder, as earnest of his intentions. The match will take place early in the coming year.

## THE RING.

### BILLY DWYER'S BENEFIT.

Brooklyn turned out good and strong on the 14th inst., in honor of the party matched to fight Jem Dunn, and considering the short notice given, Billy has no reason to complain of his friends. We noticed a few New Yorkers present, such as Harry and Jack Lazarus, Jim Saunders, Sim Kehoe, Tim Dermody, Tom Mack, and others who seldom or never miss going to an exhibition at the Stuyvesant, no matter who it is for; but the great majority were hard-fisted mechanics from the factories and ship-yards of our sister city over the river, who appreciate hard thumps in preference to showy sparring. Brother Tovee lost no time in getting things ready, introducing for a starter two out and outers—Jem Giddings, of Emerald Hall, and Jem Hefferman, who is boss of a crockery shop, who made things hum again, and exhibited their prowess to great satisfaction. Mick Donovan pitched into Mick Mahony, and Jemmy O'Brien into W. Fitzpatrick. Ed Tuohey and Johnny Dwyer repeated their encounter as at the Davis show, while McGuiness and McLoughlin reminded us of sparring as delineated in the beautiful city of Dublin among the Fishamble street crowd, who don't know much, nor dress very extravagantly, but have stout hearts and know no fear. Tommy Nolan changed the subject with a melody *a la* Vousden, illustrative of Irish characters, similar to the "bark" who told Cusick and Saunders, "if they wasn't goin' no place, they might as well jump on the car," for which he was encored. Mike Coburn and Grady's set-to was a smashing affair, and Mickey's style looked as if he was in a big hurry to get to see the "What is it" or somebody else, by the impetuous manner in which he slung out his left duke on Grady's cast-iron smeller, which, however, were "reciprocated" by the sailor chap, who won't allow anybody to take liberties. Hanley and Dorsey had it hot and heavy, and many were the remarks that if Mickey would only fight as he spars, it would take a whole jaunting car full of chaps at his weight to get away with him. The box between Hannagan and Darby Kelly, of Ward IV., was exciting enough, for Darby just chased the other cove right up and down the stage, stopping at nothing, while Hannagan, as soon as he got over his "pother," was afraid of nothing. Then William returned his thanks on behalf of Dwyer, introduced the Brooklynite and his namesake of California, and after cheers for both parties, the two Billys got to work in short order, Frisco going in left and right, but neglecting to keep his canister up as well as he might have done, and it was a matter of surprise to many that Brooklyn didn't upper cut him, as he had lots of chances—perhaps, however, he didn't care to, as he must have been familiar with his trainer's style, and for this reason wanted to make it as interesting as he could. The Californian, on the stage, has considerable of a resemblance to Morris Leonard, and barring holding his head down in close quarters, spars something like Morris used to. There was no child's play about the two Dwyers, as neither one appears to be afraid of a "punch in the Irish snoot," as Popus would say, and where each man isn't afraid of that favor, there's sure to be fun. It was Sambo Sutton, we believe, who gave the following invaluable advice for bringing on an engagement, "Make up your mind," said he, "first of all, whether you really mean fighting or not, and having once done so, hit your opponent with all your might right in the face." We never knew the man worthy of the name who could resist the appeal. One of two things is quite certain to happen—you either find yourself in the thick of it at once, or left in undisturbed possession of the position, and that's what's the matter.

THE HARRIS AND MARTIN FIGHT.—On Tuesday, Nov. 16, these men met at Scranton, Pa., after their previous failure to meet some time ago, but very few from this city, where Harris is backed from, or from Philadelphia, whose people supported Martin, ventured to go and see it, fearing a repetition of the disgraceful scenes enacted on the Erie R.R., as referred to by us some weeks ago. There were not over eighteen, all told, interested on Harris' side, nor more than that number on the part of Martin—we mean directly interested, for we learn that a large party from the adjoining coal mines, supposed to be friendly to Martin, were present and witnessed the whole affair. A history of the principals and everything appertaining to their training, etc., has already appeared in our columns, and the result doesn't warrant so early a repetition. As early as seven A.M. Harris left his quarters for the battle ground, but Martin didn't arrive until 10 A.M., by which time it had got pretty well noised abroad that there was to be a prize fight in the neighborhood, and it was thought that had Martin been on the ground early in the morning it could have been gotten off without any trouble. After the difficulties of selecting a referee were got over by a mutual agreement to toss for that personage, which was won by the Harris party, who chose Rockey Moore, the men very soon stripped and got to work. Barney Aaron and Bob Corcoran seconded Harris, Mullen and Tom Chaffers doing the same for Martin. From all accounts Harris appears to have had it all his own way from the start, cutting and bruising Martin's mug and body in a frightful manner. In the second round Peter's right glimmer was doused, and although much the taller and heavier man, Harris dodged about so that he scarcely hit him once to have any effect. In the sixth and last round, we are told, when they had been fighting about twelve minutes, after Harris had warmed Martin pretty lively, he dropped on both knees, and while in this position was struck by Martin half a dozen times. Barney Aaron immediately claimed the fight, and while doing so, at a given signal, the "peelers" jumped into the ring, and succeeded in arresting Harris, Corcoran, and several others, who had not been released up to the 21st. The referee called upon us a day or two after the fight, and stated that he had awarded the fight to Harris, and all bets therefore go accordingly, unless otherwise specified. In case Harris gets out of trouble, the money will be given up to him at Harry Hill's, 26 E. Houston street, on Thursday, at 2 o'clock, P.M.; if he does not get out, then at some other time.

P.S.—Since the above was in type we have learned that Harry Hill has been served with a notice from one of Martin's backers not to give up the money.

BROOKLYN BOYS ON THEIR MUSCLE.—After Billy Dwyer's benefit some of the lads proceeded to "make a night of it," and, after travelling until they were all "purty tired," by a sort of natural instinct they fetched up in a well-known house of call in Fulton street, not a thousand miles from the ferry. Here were assembled the rival factions—Tommy Meekin's party and Crow Murray's crowd—and, naturally enough they got into an animated [illegible] elocutionary powers of Abe Lincoln or whether Little Mac was to be the next Senator for New Jersey, but about something else; from words they came to blows, blows led to knock-downs, and knock-downs to claret-spilling, until the butcher-boy and Crow got into a difficulty harder to unravel than all the rope-tying feats of the Davenports or any other ports. It was no use trying to stop it, so the clerk of the hotel had to let them fight it out, and, when it was over, says our patriarchal Brooklyn fighting reporter, who happened to drop in for his "good morning," you never saw such a conglomeration in your life. Tommy's mug looked in every shape but the right one, and they all had the appearance of having been taking a roll in the sawdust, whether voluntary or otherwise, "Tip" sayeth not. But for morning's dawn, things might have been more serious. We understand that the landlord of Congress Hall was there, eager for a turn-up with any opposing body, no matter where he came from. Jerry, however, was not accommodated—to be continued.

WELL STOPPED.—Denny Horrigan, who was always considered a good stopper with his mawleys, was well stopped while trying to lead off at a military show in Hartford, on the 17th inst. To make a long story short, Denny has been arrested for alleged desertion from the regular army—he served his time with a volunteer regiment, and subsequently joined the "regulars," and, as we are informed, was "going through" again as a substitute, when the man in sojer clothes wanted to know his little game, and after some catechizing he was held for a future hearing as a deserter. His case may not be as bad as represented to us, but we hope little Dreadnought will be able to get out of it as easy as he got into it—that's what we hope.

"GLA-A-A-SS PUDDIN'."—Jim Heffernan has gone into the glass business, but not as a glazier, as you might suppose by our heading—not that. He sells all sorts of crockery, glass, china, and earthenware; also kerosene oil lamps, chimneys, and wicks of all sizes. Jim's great *forte*, though, bar tumblers and glasses, will "endear him (he sells cheap) in the hearts of his countrymen," and any of the Brooklyn sports in want of "such things as those," might as well go to Jim's as well as any other body's, at 126 Atlantic street, South Brooklyn.

THE GRADY SHOW.—Young Grady had a full house, at the Stuyvesant, on the 17th instant, notwithstanding the dubious state of the weather. Most of the matches were between little 'uns—that between Barry the Kid, and McManus being particularly fine. Billy Donnelly and Grady had a rattling set-to for the wind-up, and everything went off, thanks to the Veteran M. C., like clock-work.

DUNN AND DWYER'S MATCH.—Frank Collins, at whose house the last deposit in this match was put-up, called at our office and left the "stuff," in due season; and the seventh deposit must be made good at Pat Murphy's, corner of Degraw and Columbia streets, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22. On the 28th, Dunn has a benefit at the Stuyvesant.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—A deposit of £10 a side between Andy Marsden and Joe Wormald, the gigantic aspirants for the English Champion's Belt, was made good at Bos Tyler's, the Eastern Cyclops, Whitechapel, on Thursday, Nov. 3, and the next instalment was to have been put up at Bob Traver's drum, Castle Street, Leicester Square, on Thursday, Nov. 10. Wormald was up for a benefit on the 7th Nov., and to wind up with Jack Hick's Big Un.

MILLING IN MONTANA.—On the 18th of Sept., Joe Riley and Tom Foster fought a prize fight, for $750 a side, at Virginia, Montana Territory, which was won by Riley in the twenty-sixth round, Foster having lost by a foul.

PUGILISTIC LORE.—Tom O'Donnell, in answer to a challenge from Brighton Bill, both of California, issues the following pronunciamento:

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8.

*Sir:* In reply to the challenge of "Young Brighton Bill," and his own prompters to pugilistic honors, I respectfully beg to say that as he has omitted stating whether the "Purse" he offers to fight for is an empty or a full one, I cannot accept his challenge. But if the person who appears in the columns of the public Press, clothed in the *nom de plume* of "Young Brighton Bill" (?) is really anxious to support that *mighty name*, I am prepared to fight him for a bet of from $200 to $500, at any minute. I fear me much my offer is in vain, since he has failed to redeem his verbal promise of meeting me at B. Farley's with the necessary funds, at a stated time, where I awaited him till long after the appointed time. What's the matter, O! illustrious Bright-un? Are the snowy geese feathers making their appearance already? No more paper fight or fame, as you know where to find me.

Respectfully yours, TOM O'DONNELL.

BADGER HIGGINS, of Sing Sing, is on board the U. S. S. Minnesota, at Hampton Roads, Va., where he has introduced boxing among the boys, having sent on for "the gloves" to while away the spare time. "Badger" writes that he feels bully.

BILL DAVIS OFF FOR PHILADELPHIA.—Wm. N. Davis, of California, intends to leave the Empire City for the City of Brotherly Love on the 23d inst., and will give our Philadelphia friends a treat in the way of a sparring show some evening next week. He will be assisted by John Lawrence, Con Fitzgerald, and other stars in the pugilistic hemisphere. Look out for Davis and his troupe.

A BIG SET-TO.—Bill Davis and Joe Coburn have kindly agreed to appear as antagonists on the night to be set apart for Tom O'Donnel's benefit, and will put on the gloves together, and have a set-to in right down earnest. Good.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF TOM O'DONNELL.—For the past three months or so Tom O'Donnell, one of Joe Winrow's old opponents, trainer of Yankee Sullivan, and who was to have been Yankee's second only that he was arrested before the fight—has been ill, seriously ill, and we believe is still lying very low at the Hospital. As Tom was always one of the most liberal sporting men in the country, we are surprised that nothing has been done towards making the old veteran comfortable in his days of adversity. We trust, however, that Joe Coburn, Crow, Walsh, Lazarus, Gordon, Saunders, Kehoe, and other leading spirits in the sporting world will start the ball towards getting up a monster show, the proceeds to go towards relieving the veteran in his dark days of adversity. If no better hall can be got, let the Stuyvesant be hired, and a good show be given at $1 a head; and if the place is not filled, then nobody deserves to have a benefit. In our next we hope to be able to state that something has been done towards this laudable undertaking, and trust that there will be no "go-betweens," but that the sick man will be given the first chance.

**JIM DUNN'S BENEFIT.**—The personal friends and partizans of Jim Dunn, now matched with Dwyer for $2000, are getting him up a complimentary testimonial, to take place at the Stuyvesant Institute on Monday evening, Nov. 28, when there will be some rare displays of boxing by none but first raters, and as for the house, considering that the price of admission is but fifty cents, it is sure to be jammed. The sensation of the evening will be a brilliant exposition of the art of self-defence between Joe Coburn, his first appearance since his return from Old Ireland, and Jim Dunn, which in itself is sufficient to ensure all that the Stuyvesant can hold. Don't forget next Monday night, the 28th.

**STILL UNACCEPTED.**—Joe Coburn's great challenge to the world has met with no response whatever, although the anti-Coburnites have worked like beavers to find somebody to accept of the same. Coburn's money will remain at this office for another week, when, if nobody covers it, the same will be drawn, and all challenges to him will be useless. So hurry up if we are to have another fight for the Championship.

**JOHNNY LOUDON IN TOWN.**—The unassuming young landlord of Sportsman's Hall, Pittsburgh, in company with Tony Newell, who has removed from the Smoky City and started a saloon and restaurant in Oil City, was on a visit here last week, having come all the way from home to see the Harris and Martin fight, both times, and now that it is over, both Johnny and Tony wish they'd never left their hearthstones to see such a duffing match. They saw the fight, and that's about all they can say when they get back.

**INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better** gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs. .......................$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ......................... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from......................$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 23-tf

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No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
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JOE COBURN &
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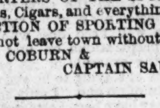

**PATENT MAGIC INFALLIBLE SOAP.**

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

**THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS** has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

**BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD** BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

**"ED WILSON,"**

Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

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No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
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No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS .........................Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

**IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,**

223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

**SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,**

136 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
17-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

**The California Exchange,**

NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS .........................Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

**BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.**

Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

**"Sportsman's Hall,"**

COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that this famous hostelrie is now second to none in the country for its SUPERIOR VIANDS, and CIGARS, GIGANTIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, and general Fixtures.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday evening.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the Art of BOXING by
21-3m* JOHNNY LOUDON.

**John C. Orem's Champion Saloon,**

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY.
THE BEST OF ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS
kept constantly on hand. I have also
THE FINEST PICTURE GALLERY WEST OF NEW YORK CITY.
SPARRING,
CONCERT AND FREE AND EASY EVERY WEEK.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 28-6t*

**Fulton Ale Vaults.**

ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

**Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,**

Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

**Arbor House,**

NO. 5 SEDGWICK, ONE DOOR FROM COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN.
JOHNNY KEATING & JOE HEARN....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

**The Greenroom,**

No. 221 CENTRE STREET,
Three doors from Grand street, New York.
THOMPSON & WRAY, PROPRIETORS.
The best of
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.
GEO. W. THOMPSON. 32-4t* WM. WRAY.
N. B.—Two first class Club Rooms to let.

**A Good Supply of Rats**

always on hand, for GENTS to try their DOGS, at
33-1t* 40 Fulton St., New York.

**Base Ball.**

THE ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS,
will be held at CLINTON HALL, Astor Place, New York, on Wednesday, December 14, 1864, at 8 o'clock, P. M. A full attendance of Delegates from all the Base Ball Clubs is requested, as important business will be transacted.
33-1t J. W. DAWSON, President.

# CRICKET.

## CRICKET IN BOSTON.

The members of the Boston Cricket Club have not exactly hung their harps upon the willows, but they have hung their willows up for the season of 1864, which, taken all in all, has been a very pleasant and prosperous one, both in sport and finance. In endorsement of the above statement, we quote from a report of one of the members of the club, and at the same time give the averages of their best bowling and batting as a sample of their skill in "the noble game:"—"Twenty-eight members have played in the various matches, and several of them have distinguished themselves as they never did before. In batting, Blanchard is far ahead of all others. He has scored 196 runs, 116 of which were in first class matches. His average for the season is nearly 33 runs per innings in all his matches, and a fraction over 23 in those rated as first class. He has exhibited rare form, and his record is one of the most brilliant in the history of either old or young cricketers in this country. Draper is next to him for creditable play, and though his scores average considerably less than those of last year, he has yet made a very good season of it. His 34 and *not out* against the New York Club, was a proof that his skill had not deserted him. As Field Captain he has generalled the First Eleven excellently, exercising good judgment and shrewd management. Cashman, O'Brien and Calthrop, have each and all done well with the bat, and been equally effective with the ball. Cashman has surprised every one, and become quite a phenomenon. His bowling in the last match with Shelburn Falls was marvelously good, and had we used him against St. George, there might have been a different finale. O'Brien has been remarkably steady, giving only eight wides out of 916 balls; but he has not been nearly as effective as last year, perhaps because our cricketers have improved, and oppose a stronger defence. Martin, I think, has fallen off perceptibly, and his bowling average is at the best, poor. Our 'minister' has been a most valuable man, not only in assisting the progress of cricket, but also by his good general play. We discovered one match too late that in him we had a very superior 'long stop,' an arduous position which very few are able to fill. The presence of the Rev. Mr. Calthrop among us, his enthusiastic and genuine love of the game, will help much another season to increase its present popularity and make it more widely known and appreciated as a source of health and strength, which it most assuredly is. Our President, Mr. Crockett, has been unremitting in his labors to advance the interests of the club, and has financiered us through with ability and tact. That he will still remain with us is the ardent wish of every member; for a more zealous and obliging officer does not exist."

BATSMEN'S AVERAGE.

| Name. | No. of Matches. | No. of Innings | No. of Runs | Most in an Innings | Most in a Match | Average and over. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E. S. Ashwell | 8 | 6 | 24 | 16 | 16 | 4-0 |
| J. S. Barron | 1 | 4 | 18 | 11 | 13 | 4-4 |
| T. Blanchard | 4 | 6 | 196 | 80 | 80 | 32-4 |
| S. R. Calthrop | 2 | 4 | 27 | 14 | 18 | 6-3 |
| J. Cashman | 4 | 6 | 79 | 20 | 37 | 13-1 |
| F. S. Crockett | 2 | 4 | 12 | 9 | 9 | 3-0 |
| C. Draper | 4 | 6 | 74 | 34 | 34 | 12-2 |
| M. Doherty | 3 | 4 | 23 | 12 | 14 | 5-3 |
| J. Field | 1 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5-0 |
| W. Joslin | 1 | 2 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 4-1 |
| J. Lancey | 4 | 6 | 31 | 14 | 22 | 5-1 |
| W. Lowther | 2 | 2 | 40 | 32 | 32 | 20-0 |
| W. Lumb | 2 | 4 | 25 | 12 | 14 | 6-1 |
| W. Kilner | 2 | 2 | 17 | 11 | 13 | 8-1 |
| J. Mulcahy | 2 | 2 | 29 | 14 | 20 | 14-1 |
| J. O'Brien | 4 | 6 | 50 | 18 | 18 | 8-3 |
| J. D. Reid | 3 | 4 | 24 | 10 | 20 | 6 |
| W. Roddick | 3 | 4 | 15 | 9 | 9 | 3-4 |
| M. Sullivan | 4 | 6 | 58 | 15 | 24 | 9 4 |
| P. Sullivan | 4 | 7 | 38 | 11 | 15 | 5-3 |
| J. Winter | 1 | 1 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| Walker | 1 | 2 | 21 | 19 | 21 | 10-1 |

BOWLERS' AVERAGE.

| Name. | Balls | Runs | Maidens | Wickets | Wides | Average No. of Balls to a Wicket | Average No. of Runs to a Wicket |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| O'Brien | 908 | 226 | 106 | 32 | 8 | 28 | 7 |
| Martin | 550 | 140 | 66 | 16 | 31 | 34 | 8 3-4 |
| Cashman | 504 | 77 | 54 | 24 | 15 | 11 | 3 1-5 |
| Barron | 366 | 78 | 34 | 16 | 19 | 23 | 4 7-8 |
| M. Sullivan | 201 | 67 | 11 | 9 | 7 | 23 | 7 5 |
| Calthrop | 111 | 32 | 14 | 5 | 1 | 18 | 5 2 |
| Lancey | 102 | 36 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 102 | 3 6 |
| Blanchard | 105 | 38 | 0 | 9 | 2 | 12 | 4 2-9 |

## ENGLAND'S BEST CRICKETERS.

THEIR AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON OF 1864.

| | FIRST CLASS MATCHES. | | | | | WHOLE SEASON. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Name. | Innings | Most in an Innings. | Most in a Match | Average | Over | Innings | Average | Over |
| Anderson, G | 6 | 99 | 114 | 42 | 3 | 23 | 19 | 15 |
| Atkinson, G | 10 | 32 | 39 | 10 | 9 | 22 | 15 | 0 |
| Bell, F | 8 | 11 | 12 | 4 | 0 | 18 | 6 | 0 |
| Bennett, G | 27 | 73 | 79 | 17 | 22 | 36 | 15 | 30 |
| Biddulph, S | 29 | 28 | 50 | 10 | 21 | 33 | 11 | 8 |
| Bignall, T | 28 | 50 | 69 | 13 | 18 | 36 | 14 | 2 |
| Brampton, C | 19 | 82 | 102 | 17 | 10 | 19 | 17 | 10 |
| Cæsar, J | 18 | 132 | 132 | 20 | 7 | 22 | 18 | 1 |
| Carpenter, R | 10 | 52 | 52 | 27 | 0 | 33 | 19 | 13 |
| Daft, C | 14 | 46 | 46 | 15 | 5 | 19 | 13 | 18 |
| Daft, R | 19 | 80 | 95 | 26 | 4 | 24 | 23 | 4 |
| Ellis, C. H | 17 | 54 | 62 | 19 | 10 | 26 | 19 | 16 |
| Fillery, R | 9 | 40 | 40 | 15 | 4 | 12 | 12 | 1 |
| Fryer, W. H | 20 | 65 | 93 | 10 | 18 | 20 | 10 | 18 |
| Goodhew, W | 20 | 52 | 71 | 9 | 9 | 20 | 9 | 9 |
| Greenwood, L | 9 | 65 | 75 | 20 | 3 | 15 | 13 | 6 |
| Griffith, G | 32 | 86 | 86 | 19 | 5 | 51 | 17 | 8 |
| Grundy, J | 35 | 36 | 47 | 13 | 34 | 46 | 18 | 15 |
| Hayward, D | 7 | 37 | 46 | 11 | 6 | 20 | 9 | 12 |
| Hayward, T | 12 | 66 | 66 | 29 | 7 | 38 | 15 | 27 |
| Hearne, G | 9 | 72 | 72 | 19 | 3 | 21 | 17 | 17 |
| Hearne, T | 34 | 125 | 125 | 23 | 27 | 48 | 21 | 30 |
| Hodgson, I | 9 | 21 | 23 | 6 | 1 | 25 | 5 | 16 |
| Holmes, H | 15 | 72 | 105 | 25 | 3 | 19 | 21 | 23 |
| Humphrey, T | 34 | 94 | 107 | 30 | 27 | 48 | 28 | 2 |
| Humphrey, W | 21 | 48 | 81 | 9 | 18 | 28 | 9 | 9 |
| Iddison, R | 22 | 44 | 55 | 14 | 21 | 30 | 16 | 24 |
| Jackson, J | 16 | 68 | 79 | 14 | 13 | 32 | 12 | 2 |
| Jupp, H | 34 | 110 | 115 | 27 | 3 | 56 | 22 | 4 |
| Lillywhite, James | 16 | 105 | 105 | 16 | 15 | 29 | 13 | 1 |
| Lillywhite, John | 12 | 64 | 113 | 25 | 1 | 30 | 18 | 15 |
| Lockyer, T | 23 | 108 | 108 | 20 | 18 | 34 | 17 | 31 |
| Mortlock, W | 29 | 105 | 105 | 34 | 2 | 44 | 28 | 8 |
| Oscroft, W | 16 | 76 | 127 | 15 | 6 | 20 | 14 | 18 |
| Parr, G | 3 | 35 | 69 | 23 | 2 | 3 | 23 | 2 |
| Pooley, E | 22 | 59 | 79 | 21 | 18 | 37 | 19 | 13 |
| Rowbotham, J | 23 | 57 | 73 | 13 | 8 | 52 | 11 | 28 |
| Sewell, T | 32 | 55 | 75 | 18 | 0 | 43 | 15 | 21 |
| Shaw, A | 9 | 64 | 70 | 14 | 4 | 13 | 15 | 6 |
| Shepherd, W | 11 | 14 | 18 | 4 | 6 | 13 | 5 | 3 |
| Slinn, W | 11 | 11 | 11 | 1 | 8 | 19 | 1 | 18 |
| Sotherton, W | 14 | 22 | 29 | 7 | 0 | 16 | 7 | 1 |
| Stevenson, E | 16 | 29 | 41 | 12 | 14 | 45 | 10 | 28 |
| Stephenson, H. H | 25 | 119 | 143 | 38 | 6 | 30 | 33 | 21 |
| Stubberfield, H | 6 | 40 | 43 | 12 | 2 | 8 | 10 | 3 |
| Swain, W | 6 | 27 | 40 | 13 | 2 | 9 | 12 | 7 |
| Tarrent, G | 12 | 57 | 61 | 16 | 8 | 38 | 12 | 1 |
| Tinley, R. C | 11 | 16 | 21 | 10 | 5 | 27 | 8 | 8 |
| Thewlis, J | 19 | 77 | 98 | 18 | 7 | 24 | 19 | 7 |
| Wells, G | 13 | 82 | 97 | 26 | 7 | 20 | 18 | 12 |
| Willsher, E | 27 | 37 | 68 | 10 | 18 | 53 | 8 | 36 |
| Wootton, G | 32 | 60 | 64 | 11 | 23 | 44 | 11 | 17 |

# QUOITING.

## HANDICAP MATCH IN NEW YORK.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., the members of the Normal Quoit Club of this city had a pleasant day's enjoyement of their favorite pastime, at the Club grounds, corner of Broadway and Astor Place. The occasion was a general handicap match among the members of the club for a pair of very superior polished steel quoits, presented by the manager of the ground, the veteran George Dunning. All the players were handicapped according to their respective merits, inferior pitchers receiving points in the game from the more accomplished players, Mr. Dunning being the handicapper, and the games in every case 15 points up, 18 yards distance.

The playing commenced at one o'clock P. M. Messrs. A. Sharp and A. Dodworth leading off the ball. The following shows the result of the games in the different rounds:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| FIRST ROUND. | | | | |
| H. Sharp | 15 | Beat | A. Dodworth | 14 |
| O. Dodworth | 15 | " | — Nichols | 13 |
| W. Glasson | 15 | " | R. Dunham | 6 |
| H. Clifton | 15 | " | — Pettinger | 9 |
| C. Bouton | 15 | " | H. Dodworth, Jr | 13 |
| W. Ward | 15 | " | W. Missing | 6 |
| SECOND ROUND. | | | | |
| W. Glasson | 15 | Beat | O. Dodworth | 11 |
| H. Sharp | 15 | " | H. Clifton | 12 |
| C. Bouton | 15 | " | W. Ward | 10 |
| THIRD ROUND. | | | | |
| H. Sharp | 15 | Beat | W. Glasson | 10 |
| C. Bouton, odd man. | | | | |
| FOURTH ROUND. | | | | |
| H. Sharp | 15 | Beat | C. Bouton | 7 |

Having defeated all his opponets, Mr. H. E. Sharp was declared the winner of the prize offered to the victor in the tournament. On Thanksgiving Day the members of the St. Andrews Quoit Club of New York meet on this ground, for the purpose of having a day's recreation. Play will commence at one o'clock P. M. The St. Andrews Club boasts of some of the strongest quoit pitchers in the country, including such well known players as Gibson, Kellogg, McGregor, Ferguson, McMurrin, McCraith, etc., and some very superior playing may be anticipated.

**WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.**—On Tuesday, Nov. 1, Charles Wilmot, an amateur pedestrian, undertook the arduous task of walking for a bet of £20, a distance of 28 miles, in five hours, being an average rate of five miles and five furlongs per hour. At twelve o'clock the start was made, at a pace not exceeding four miles and a half per hour, and from his appearance, being extremely slim, his succes was doubted. After passing through Deptford, the speed was increased to a startling pace, which he kept up nearly to the end, returning to the starting place at 4:54, being six minutes less than the time. He appeared rather distressed, and was carried home in a cab. It is stated that he is matched to walk a distance of 102 miles, in 25 consecutive hours.

**BILLIARDS IN ENGLAND.**—T. Roberts, (son of John Roberts, the champion) and H. Evans played a match game, 1000 points up, at the Regent Billiard Rooms, Westminster, on Oct. 24, which Evans won by 264 points......On Monday, Oct. 10, Messrs. Evans and Roberts played their first match game, 800 points up, won by Evans by 11 points...... Messrs. Tufnail and Seabrooke contended in a match game, 1000 up, for £25 a side, on Oct. 29, at Bromley: it was a closely contested affair, and won by Tufnail by 47 points......On the 28th of October, Charles and Alfred Hughes were matched at a game of billiards, the latter receiving 200 points out of 1000. Charles won by 158 points.

**Do Drop In,**

BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

# CLOSING SCENES IN THE MACE AND COBURN MATCH.

## "Settling Day" at Harry Brunton's.

MACE'S CUPS AND BELTS IN HOCK—HE GOES A-BEGGIN' FOR MONEY TO REDEEM THEM—THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP UNMISTAKEABLY "HARD UP."

Poor Mace has come out of his last match completely down in the mouth, and the pitiful pleadings of his organs for the "smallest trifle" to help along the "cleverest man in England" sound very niggardly, and if Mace is really as bad off as he is represented, we may soon hear of his being sent to the Blockley Alms House. Had Mace but have showed on the ground in Ireland, and expressed some little inclination to get on a fight, all these misfortunes wouldn't have followed his footsteps, but he has himself and himself alone to blame for everything. The following doleful paragraph appeared in *Bell's Life* of the 5th of November (Guy Fawkes Day):—

"Harry Brunton has this week called on us and shown us a list, from which it appears he has paid back all the money he received for us to those who staked in his hands on behalf of Mace. From some gentlemen he has received contributions towards the £160 given to Coburn, while others have declined to shell out. This seems hard, as all who read our paper when the match was first made must have seen by the articles that £100 would have to be paid to Coburn at the last deposit, and must have staked their money with that fact in view. Brunton wishes us to say if there are, by chance, any outstanding claims, they will be settled on application to him at the George and Dragon. Mace has also called on us, and complained that Brunton refused to go with him to his backers at Newmarket when their money was returned, and consequently he was deprived of a chance of getting anything towards his expenses. This seems rather hard upon him, and we trust he will yet find some of his old friends willing to give him something at any rate towards redeeming his cups and belts, which he was compelled to 'put away' in order to raise sufficient to keep him going. We really believe Mace, after all his successes, is hard up, and that the smallest trifle will be very acceptable."

Here's what the *Sporting News*, same date, has to say:—

"True to his word, Harry Brunton 'attended' at his own house on Tuesday last, prepared to pay over the money he had received from those gentlemen who placed the coin in his hands on behalf of Mace, in his supposed match with Coburn. Harry Brunton received £500 to pay £700, so was compelled to *dock* a certain percentage from each gentleman's money to make up the £160 given to Coburn, and the expenses ever attendant upon such affairs. Harry Brunton, like Abraham Newland of old, sat in his 'bank' or bar parlor, and on that night alone paid or returned £420. Mr. J. stood £125, Mr. C. B. £95, Captain D. £20, the only one who stood to score; there were also thirteen gentlemen who went £10 each, eleven £5, and ten of £25, the very last in the latter list was the respected Alec Keene. There were several applicants who used the name of Mace, but were very properly 'put out of court,' and no money was paid unless they had the proper vouchers. Harry Brunton could not repay that which he had not received, and therefore all who feel aggrieved may well apply to Brunton. Mace was ill-advised by not attending at Brunton's, as many gentlemen would have given a *quid pro quo* for his great disappointment."

**DOGMATIC FEUD IN CINCINNATI.**—An exciting canine contest, which has been the topic of conversation among the fancy for some time past, took place on the afternoon of the 15th instant, which for pluck and gameness, writes a correspondent, has rarely, if ever, been equalled in the West. The scene of the contest was on Vine Street Hill, where a commodious pit had been prepared. The utmost decorum was observed during the progress of the match, and at its conclusion, those who were losers had at least the satisfaction of knowing that it was all conducted "on the square." The contestants in this match were Pat McCormick's dog "Cribb," and O'Donnell's dog "Boxer," and was witnessed by about 400 persons. The dogs had been in training for the past six weeks, and were brought to the scratch in the best possible condition. The stakes were for $200 a side. The fight lasted 2 hours and 56 minutes, and terminated in favor of McCormick's dog Cribb. Betting was quite lively on the result. The weight of the dogs were respectively—Cribb, 28½ lbs; Boxer, 28¾ lbs. Boxer took the lead for the first 2 hours and 50 minutes, but was finally compelled to succumb to his gallant adversary.

**GREAT DUCKING FEAT.**—"Something quite unprecedented in the annals of 'ducking,'" says a Baltimore correspondent, "was accomplished by Mr. Garden McKay, of this city, accompanied by his cousin, Donald McKay, of Boston, at Bengie's Ducking Pond, on Thursday, 17th inst. He killed in the space of twenty-four hours, one hundred and eleven ducks. I was unable to obtain the number of the various kinds, but a goodly portion were Canvas Backs. I consider this performance worth recording. The gun used on this occasion was formerly owned by the late Mr. McDonald, of this city."

**A GAME AT KNOCK 'EM DOWNS BY A LOCOMOTIVE.**—Two steam ploughs belonging to Mr. Nicolls, recently passed through Yeovil, Somersetshire, Eng. On arriving at the Kingston turnpike toll-gate, one of the engines stopped, as it was supposed, to take in water. Suddenly it started off, and as the men in charge had not time to put on the break, it proceeded through Kingston at a terrific pace. A valuable horse, on hearing the noise caused by the locomotive, turned its head and was about to move across the road, when instantly the engine caught the wheels of the wagon, to which it was hitched, swerved round, and ran with great violence against a house, at the same time dashing another cart to atoms. The horse was caught between the locomotive and the wall, and of such violence was the concussion that a hole was burst in the wall. The horse was found to have sustained fractures of two of his legs and various contusions, from which it died in about half an hour. The locomotive was shortly afterwards righted, and proceeded on its way.

**DROWNING CASUALTY.—BRITISH OARSMAN.**—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, one of the largest meetings of rowing men and their friends that ever took place, was held at Mr. Wentzell's, Ship Tavern, Palace-yard, Lambeth, London, in the concert room, to obtain a few pounds for the widowed mother of Richard Allen, a theatrical gasfitter, who was capsized out of an outrigger scullers' boat, at Barnes, on the 25th of Sept. last. In the course of the evening the following celebrated watermen appeared on the stage, nine of them wearing their coats and badges; viz., Harry Kelley, F. Kilsby, Wise, W. Campbell, C. Campbell, Taylor, Murray, Smith, D. Coombes, Dolwin, Pick, &c.

**SMALL EATERS.**—The Bedouins are a most alert and military race, and yet it is an undoubted fact that the quantity of food usually consumed by the greater part of them does not exceed six ounces a day. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day, and he esteems himself happy when he can add a small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice. In 1799, an Englishman describes a Russian Grenadier as follows:—"They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man is under six feet high. Their allowance consists of eight pounds of black bread, four pounds of oil, and one pound of salt per man for eight days." In 1854, when Russia surprised the world by standing against the attack of the allies, on the bloody battle-field of Alma, were found dead Russians with their provisions in their knapsacks, and these provisions were "black bread crumbs in oil." Dr. Hamlin, who has resided more than twenty years in Constantinople, says the Turkish porters in that city eat bread made from flour scarcely bolted, fruits, curdled milk, of which they are very fond, rice cooked with some other vegetables, and about twice a week a little meat at dinner, which they eat soon after sunset. They never drink any sort of distilled or fermented liquor. Onions and garlic are largely consumed by the Turks.

# AMUSEMENTS.

**EXCELSIOR IS OUR MOTTO.**

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE AND YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND,
ALSO, THE RENOWNED BERGER FAMILY,
20 IN NUMBER.

This truly celebrated company, a single act of whose performance is universally acknowledged by both the "Press" and the Public to be alone worth the price of admission, and in support of which (the "Zouave Drill") the manager hereby offers a challenge of one thousand ($1000) dollars to any like organization to compete with them; are now in the fourth year of *one continued* season, the triumph of which is a "household word" throughout the country.

During the present winter, they will appear in all the principal cities of the West and Southwest, previous to their appearance next season in New York City, &c. J. HENEAGE CARTER,
Sole Proprietor and Manager.
L. M. W. STEERE, Agent.

N. B.—The above company have no connection whatever with any company assuming the name of "Zouave Troupe," such being composed in part of discharged and runaway Fakirs, whose disgraceful acts compel them to change their names no less than three times within a month. 33-tf

**NATIONAL THEATRE,**

Corner of Main and Washington streets,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
CHARLES A. MORNINGSTAR, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
J. S. BERRY, Stage Manager; S. VANDYKE, Treasurer; GEORGE HAWKINS, Leader of Orchestra; F. SIGEL, Ballet Master.
This favorite and popular Theatre and Music Hall is now in the full tide of success. Performers of acknowledged ability can secure good engagements by applying as above, stating line of business, salary, etc. 33-4t*

**OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC**

AND PINACOTHECA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
OPENED MONDAY, NOV. 21st, 1864.
UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST
MAGNIFICENT MUSIC HALL IN THE UNITED STATES.
ESTABLISHED ON A FIRM BASIS
For the express purpose of giving the public
A LEGITIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AND MAKING MONEY.
The extensive alterations are completed and the company already organized, embracing many of the most talented artistes in the profession.
THE OXFORD THE OXFORD
is bound to rank as one of the
LEADING INSTITUTIONS OF WASHINGTON,
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
has been expended in the alterations, and the OXFORD will seat comfortably
THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE.
FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS,
Managers and Proprietors.
NOTICE.—Performers will always find it to their interest to apply as above when they feel like visiting Washington.
Look out in next week's Clipper for list of Company. 33-tfis

**M. JOHN DENIER.**

SENSATION PERFORMER
ON THE
CATARACT ROPE
AND LIGHTNING HORIZONTAL BAR.
THE MASTER, THE MONARCH, THE GYMNAST,
THAT STRIKES TERROR AND BEATS THE WORLD,
Is now performing to Houses
JAM FULL, at the BALTIMORE MELODEON.
Managers wanting him should apply to CONNER & LEA,
No. 25 West Houston st., N. Y.
His New Act, DENIER'S 3 FLYING TRAPEZE, demands especial attention, 33-1t*

**TO MANAGERS.---C. McMILLAN advertises for a** sit. He is competent and a good fellow. YANKEE ROBINSON. 1t*

# AMUSEMENTS.

**IMPORTANT TO MANAGERS AND AGENTS.**

COURIER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
176 AND 178 WASHINGTON STREET,
BUFFALO.

DESIGNING! ENGRAVING! AND PRINTING!

The Proprietors of this Establishment respectfully call the attention of Managers and Agents to the fact that they are now prepared with improved facilities to fill orders for
PLAIN AND ILLUMINATED PRINTING
of all kinds, such as
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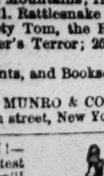

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## ALMOST MARRIED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MURRAY.

Fitz Muggins Dunkirk, one of the gayest of men,
Poked his head out of bed one morning at ten,
And with shivering limbs and hot aching pate
Proceeded to dress, for he found it was late—
Around o'er the room in each corner and place,
Were strewed many tokens of that unhappy race
To which Fitz Muggins Dunkirk, this handsome young man,
The idol of "sporters" and the other "fast clan,"
Had so far in his life (he was now thirty, good)
Lived and enjoyed, viz: Bachelerhood.

Fitz Muggins, this morning, as he rose from his bed,
After taking a "cocktail" to settle his head,
Adjusted his trowsers and pulled on his hose,
The first minus some buttons, the second both toes.
His shirt it was ragged, the bosom was torn,
And no wonder, for since the first day it was worn
Not once had been mended, though he was aware
Long ago, e'en some months, that they needed repair—
But he heeded them not, and did not attend
To such wants, for in fact he was not on the mend.
There was need of it though in more ways than one,
For to follow the course in which he'd begun,
A fact most assuredly to all did appear,
Would leave him dead broke at the end of the year.

As he dressed him this morning, he swore with an oath,
Which I wont record here, 'twould be rather uncouth,
That something immediate would have to be done,
For champagne and oysters, frolic and fun,
Had about played him out; and he turned with a sigh,
As he thought of the frolics of days just gone by.
Then he sighed again as he thought how rash
And foolish he'd been in spending his cash,
And striking an attitude in good imitation
Of Forest as Hamlet, in Shakespeare's creation,
By that popular name he soliloquized thus—
"To be or not to be" it don't matter a cuss,
It may be for better, but can't be for worse.
And how else can a fellow, when funds are low,
Raise the wind by a safer or surer go
Than marry an heiress with lots of "spons?"
Then there's domestic joys, and little ones,
Both girls and boys, would soon grow up
As a matter of course, and my cup
Would surely then o'erflow with bliss,
Ah! there's no life now for me but this.
So I am decided, myself I'll arouse and,
Find some girl with a hundred thousand
Dollars in cash, and whose exquisite grace
Shall be only excelled by her beautiful face.
Black eyes and dark hair, cheeks color de rose,
Lips sparkling vermillion, and ah! such a nose,
She must be all affection, yet merry and pert,
None other will do for Fitz Muggins Dunkirk.

Then he thought over all of the girls that he knew,
From the Points as far up as the Fifth Avenue;
Maggie, Jessie and Annie were all divines,
And sylph-like beauties, but lacking the dimes.
They'll do for some other fellow says Fitz,
Whose pockets are longer, and those whose wits
Are duller than mine. Then there was Laura, a buxom girl,
Who had plenty of "greenbacks," but alas! was a churl,
And treated him always with contempt and scorn,
So he passed her by as a case forlorn.
There was still another who had not ought to,
Be overlooked, for was not she a contractor's daughter?
Her name was Smith before this great strife,
But now has changed it from Smith into Smythe,
And Smythe's business which before the war
Was a retail liquor and grocery store,
Had changed to contracting a deal in shoddy,
So he now is an A No. 1 some body;
But envious persons have dared to tell
That about him yet there's a codfishy smell.
Amelia, his daughter, of whom we now write
She, Fitz had concluded, would suit him quite
As well as any of whom he knew,
For she was both handsome, and rich as a Jew.
What mattered it then, was it aught to him
How she got it, as long as she had the "tin?"
What was it to him? Suppose it was made
By robbing poor soldiers—"All's fair in trade."
Poor Fitz was delighted in ecstacies wild,
He swore by her beauty, her grace and mild
Disposition. Her sparkling lips, and teeth like pearls,
Were to him of more value than untold worlds
Of precious gems, and her bosom which rose and fell
At every breath, like the ocean's swell—
Her tiny feet, and fairy hands,
Were compared to some Goddess of unknown lands
Ye bashful youths who dare not try,
Should hear our hero his love cause ply,
Clasped in his arms, from her ruby lips
He snatches a kiss, and their nectar sips,
Presses her to his bosom, and calls her his own,
Meanwhile 'round his neck she her arms has thrown,
And something she murmurs which sounds like this,
"Will you love always my darling Fitz?
Were I old and ugly, and not what I seem,
Would you love me still darling, or is this a dream?"
"Here on my knees," quoth Fitz, "I proclaim,
Were you hump-backed, and blind, still I'd love you the same
So they were engaged, and all the world knew
That Amelia Smythe, of the Fifth Avenue,
The daughter of Smythe the dealer in "Shoddy,"
Who by contracting in cloth had expanded in body,
'Till the gaunt John Smith of the grocery store,
Was now Smythe the aristocrat of two hundred or more
Pounds in weight, but in self-conceit
He was puffed still more, so that scarcely his feet
Seemed to touch the ground as he moved along,
Not deigning a look to the vulgar throng,
That she, his daughter, was soon to be made
Mrs. Fitz Muggins Dunkirk, and plans were laid
For a magnificent wedding, and all the ton
Were invited to see this pair made one.
Thus things were settled, and all progressed,
Even the trosseau was purchased, and among the rest
A diamond ring of the Simon Pure,
A present from Fitz, and which I am sure
He never had paid for. But what of that?
When he was married, got rich and grown fat
He'd settle all claims, and pay all these
Little billet-doux then, and live at his ease
The rest of his days.

But ah! how strange,
Yet 'tis often so in this world of change,
Our brightest hopes are oft most fleeting—
'Twas so with Fitz, and all from meeting
With an accident awful, terrific; and yet
He thanked his stars that he had met
The denouement so soon. The fact was this,
One fine afternoon Amelia and Fitz
Went out for a ride on a country road,
Far away o'er hills, through valley and wood,
The air soft and balmy, a gentle breeze
Fanned their loving cheeks, until were these
Two lovers ecstatic and wild with bliss,
And there sealed their compact with many a kiss,
Until one loud resounding smack
Started the horse from out of the track.
Through valley and wood, o'er dale and up hill,
He snorted and plunged, and ran with a will.
Amelia screamed loudly; Fitz tugged at the rein,
His efforts to stop him were frantic but vain,
Still onwards they flew, nor paused in their flight,
'Till down an embankment which lay to the right,
All, Amelia and Fitz, both carriage and horse,
Rolled heels over head in their downward course.
Though a terrible wreck, 'twas a ludicrous sight,
As Fitz, not much hurt, but half deadened with fright,
Crawled forth from the ruins to rescue his own,
But Amelia his darling seemed dead as a stone.

The worst of my story is now to be told,
For t'was here that Fitz found he'd been dreadfully sold.
By the side of Amelia, as she lay on the ground,
Were scattered in fragments and places around,
All her raven hued tresses, jetty ringlets and curls,
For it was only a wig, and those beautiful pearls,
Oh! shocking to tell, were the dentist's best make.
(Such teeth have an advantage, since they never can ache.)
But strange to relate although she had fainted,
The rose on her cheeks was as fresh as when painted.

Fitz Muggins was frantic, a yell of despair
Burst forth from his lips and rose on the air,
He fled from the scene with one look of disdain,
And was never seen more or heard from again—
While Amelia remained a virgin sere,
Withered and bleached, for many a year,
Mourning the baseness of false-hearted man,
And abjuring forever the masculine clan.

## "JES SO."

I stood on the step of the Astor,
And gazed at the living tide
Of vehicles down the middle
And people up either side.

And I saw a maid who was "pumkins,"
In a robe of real cashmere,
Alight from the step of a carriage,
While her robe got caught in the rear.

Oh, the robe was of moire antique—
A very expensive rag;
But a skirt peeped out beneath it,
And that was a coffee-bag!

I knew it had once held coffee,
Tho' now 'twas another thing,
For on it was "Fine old Java,"
"Y," marked with store blacking!

And I thought as she gained the sidewalk,
And the muslin again was furled,
How much those outskirts and inskirts
Resemble the hearts in the world.

How many a Pharisee humbug
Plays a life-long game of "brag!"
His words are all silk and velvet,
And his heart's but a coffee-bag.

And I turned me into the Astor,
For my heart was beginning to sink;
And I told the tale to the "bar-keep,"
And it rung him in for a drink.

It rung him in for the "cocktails,"
And then to myself I confess'd,
When I thought how I came by the ardent,
That was as bad as the rest.

## ONCE AN ACTOR;

AND

## WHY HE QUITTED THE STAGE.

### A Story of the Flats.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE GASLIGHT MAN.

Among my many professional acquaintances, I shall always retain an affectionate recollection of Tim Townly—not that he belonged to the craft when I knew him—no; he was then a man in sober middle age, had a family, and for more than twenty years had followed the useful occupation of a glazier.

Tim was an exceedingly genial soul; loved his pipe and his pint; would take a spell at talk with any man; lived happily, and as I often heard him say, desired to die with content.

There were occasions, however, when all his geniality would be cast to the winds, and he would launch out angrily against a particular calling and some of its professors very vehemently. I may as well be concise, and say what this calling and these professors were—acting, and the managers of theatres.

Tim's apparent dislike towards this trade and these persons might have passed without eliciting more than ordinary observation had it not been for the singular fact, that, whenever a theatrical company was playing in our town, he allowed few nights to pass without being one among the audience. He was an excellent though rather severe critic, especially severe when a manager donned the sock and buskin, and, as a rule, canvassed very freely the official deeds of any gentleman so appointed.

I was naturally puzzled at this, and for a long time was curious to know the cause. Ultimately, when my impatience to know the reason for such apparent perverseness had about got the master of me, a happy opportunity arose which suggested to my friend the unfolding of his tale.

The reader must imagine Tim and myself sitting in the parlor of a tavern in the old country, on a wet autumnal night, with many like ourselves around us, the majority of whom had witnessed the performances at the neighboring theatre, just concluded when we entered, to refresh under the auspices of mine host of the "Bush."

It so happened that the above entertainment had been very gratifying, with the exception, I must say, of one part, taken by the manager. It was that of a king in one of our old, standard plays; but instead of being enacted in a grave, dignified manner, it had been blustered through in a vulgar and offensive style.

Tim Townly was quite hard upon this actor-manager, called him a "buffoon," an "upstart," a "sham," and concluded a regular tirade prior to finishing his tumbler of whiskey toddy (to be succeeded, however, by another), with the exclamation:

"A paltry fellow, sir—nothing more—just such a fellow, sir, as, years ago, stood between me and the just fulfillment of my ambition."

The hint had been given me, and like Othello, in respect to Desdemona, I was not slow in taking it.

"Oh," I put in, smartly, "you once had an idea of the stage probably was on it?"

"You shall hear all about it, but, in the meantime, are you charged the same as I am?"

In the interval the waiter had brought him another tumbler of toddy, and I pointed to my own renewed glass to convince him that I was as well situated in the regard he had mentioned as himself.

"You shall hear my story," he commenced; then he took a long pull at his tumbler, ditto, I at mine—a little performance we repeated over and over until our present and another supply of "comfort" were exhausted.

Tim continued—the puffs from his pipe punctuating his speech in a certain measure, and his sips of toddy dividing it into paragraphs.

"You must know," he said, "that I come of a theatrical family—that is, my father and grandfather were actors, two of my uncles also; my mother, too, was an actress. It is not to be wondered at, then, that I, the only child of my parents, should be sent upon the stage at a very early age to 'climb the ladder,' as my father took great plesure in remarking. People said I was a good looking, well made boy, intelligent, and all that sort of thing; and encouraged by this record, I hoped the day might come when I might achieve eminence in my new profession. I was not like many young aspirants, who hope at once to don the suits of Hamlet, Richard, and Romeo. Far from it, my friend. I was willing to bide my time, and had I needed an incentive to work and wait, I should have found it in the words of my dear father—'The lowest round of the ladder first, Tim, then the others, in succession, as they mount upwards.'"

"The season at the theatre where I was first put amounted to nine months, and my salary, as a novice, to scarcely anything at all. Notwithstanding, I worked away diligently—sometimes going before the lamps as a dummy; at others, having only to speak or shout in chorus; then, to deliver a few words, solus; anon, to tell somebody that his or her carriage waited, or that a friend of the family or a lover had just arrived. Noblemen in slouched hats, peasants of all parts of the world, devils, pirates, murderers, millers, soldiers—in short, all sorts of characters you can think of or mention were mine by turns. There was one, which I have not mentioned yet, which grew to be my abhorrence in time—which I submitted to represent during my first season with the best grace I could, but against which I really rebelled afterwards. I see you are anxious to know what it was. I will tell you—the character of a footman or flunkey!

"This individual is a regular adjunct to old English comedies, many of which were played at our theatre. You know what I mean—a fellow with a powdered wig, a livery coat, white stockings and stiff cravat, and buckled shoes, who has generally to come on the stage at one of the front wings, make an obsequious bow, mumble a few words with humble breath, receive his employer's commands, make another bow, and back himself out of sight.

"The abstract disagreeables of such personations as these are bad enough, but when the incidental ones are thrown in, all I can say is, 'heaven help the poor creature who has to go through the ordeal!'

"I have told you that I bore the necessary drudgery of the profession, for one season, without murmuring; but when it came to the second, and I found myself still confined to the lowest rounds of the ladder, with only a very slight increase in my pay, and none at all in my hopes, I began to droop. I was still confined, I found, to the speaking in chorus or a few lines by myself, still doomed to personate silent robbers, grim murderers, amiable peasants, rough soldiers, cut throat pirates, and, worst of all, flunkies. Indeed, the latter seemed to accumulate on me, and what was worst of all, the grotesque costume of these creatures, out of place on me, as I had thought, a season since, now became more outrageous, as I had grown, although the people in the wardrobe department said I had not, and also insisted that the clothes could not fit better than they did. I had, as I have said, expected an advance in my line of business this year—to have cut a shine as the lovers in farces, to take even young Paris, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' or the celebrated Rosencrantz or Guilderstein in 'Hamlet.' But it was not to be.

"A climax in my fate soon came. The manager, being a very popular man, was in the custom of having two benefits during the season—one in the middle, the other at the end. It was on the former occasion that the climax spoken of occurred. Mr. Street (so was the official called), had selected for his benefit night one of those old English comedies which require the help of one or more flunkies. I was cast for one of them. The night came, the house was crammed, and it so pleased my discriminating friends in the wardrobe to pick out for me one of their most grotesque suits of livery—the one I had ever disliked the most, and in which I was certain to look extra queer, now I had grown a little since the time I last donned it.

"Let me describe it to you. It consisted of a white coat, very short in the tail, with a blue collar and silver trimmings; a vest of red and white stripes; knee breeches of black satin; white silk stockings; shoes with silver buckles; and a white cravat as stiff as starch could make it.

"I felt that I looked horribly odd, and had quite a presentiment that something evil would befall me. Nervous and unhappy, I carefully hid myself away among the flats not required that night until I should be wanted on the stage. Then I made a bold rush and delivered my message. But, ye gods! what a reception was mine! Never was a low comedian the object of greater laughter than was I at that moment—all owing to the detestable suit of livery that had been assigned to me. I was afterwards told by a friend that my appearance was suggestive of a human magpie, and was really the most extraordinary he ever witnessed on the boards.

"To pile agony on agony, I had to make several entrances on the stage during the comedy. I fulfilled my task, with a burning brow and a beating heart, with the stern resolve, however, that I would tell my father that very night that the life of an actor could be no longer the life for me. As for the manager, the man who had condemned me to such work, I had no feeling towards him but that of implacable contempt.

"My father (God bless him!) was a reasonable man and favored my determination. I quitted the theatre instantly, and the next day applied myself to the business I have followed ever since.

"You now understand, my friend, why I am sometimes severe on the player folks, on managers in particular. It was one of the latter fraternity that caused me many a heart ache, nipped my dramatic ambition in the bud, and probably robbed the boards of a respectable actor.

Getting to the Pint.—A pot house politician was boasting that he could bring an argument to a "pint" as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," observed a wag.

## THE USE OF THE DUMB-BELLS.

Oh! give me but a balanced "bell,"
I'll grasp it in my hand,
And down my arm the muscles all,
In ridges out shall stand.

What is a dumb-bell?* A dumb-bell is two spherical balls of metal, with a handle or bar of the same material connecting their centres, and of sufficient girth to allow of being grasped easily in the hand. Dumb-bells are used principally by professional pugilists, gymnasts, &c., to strengthen and develop the muscles of the chest, back and arms—in fact, the whole frame; they also, when practiced in moderation, are preventives to consumption, and other chest diseases, and act beneficially towards the whole system. The best position to assume for practicing with bells, and the one in which, after some little time, you will discover you can use them with the greatest ease to yourself, is the following:

### THE ATTITUDE.

Grasping a bell easily in each hand, stand with the body perfectly upright, yet, if possible, not constrained, the weight resting equally between the heels and toes; hold the head well up, and throw out the chest, keeping the knees rigid, the heels together, and the toes pointing outwards; and you are prepared to try the first practice, which is,

### THE PECTORAL.

The pectoral practice, so called because, although tending to develop the muscles of the upper portion of the body, it acts more especially on the one from which it derives its name, is rather a difficult task to the novice. However, the proverb says "Practice makes master," so with this consoling axiom in view, let him resolve to begin at once. Grasping the bells firmly, bring the arms in front of the body, the knuckles pointing forwards and downwards, then making the arms straight and rigid, swing them with a circular motion upwards, backwards and downwards, always remembering at the finish to bring them to their original position in front of the body. This practice expands the chest, and enlarges its cavity; it also aids the action of the respiratory organs, and helps to develop the muscles situated on the back of the trunk, particularly the latissernus dorsi, as the upward swing by lengthening its fibres, causes it to stand out *in relievo* when the arm is in its usual position; it gives great powers of motion to the shoulder blade, and strengthens the joint. After you have repeated this practice about twenty times, most likely you will feel fatigued, when you may drop it for the time being and go on to the next, which is

### THE DELTOID.

After a great many failures, it has been discovered that the practice that tends to develop the above muscle in particular, and to which, therefore, its name has been given, is very simple, and consists merely in making the bell in either hand describe a circle in front of the chest, of which the shoulder joint is the centre, remembering, as in the former practice, to keep the arms as straight and rigid as possible. This practice strengthens and enlarges the ligaments of the shoulder joint, and is not half so difficult to perform as the last described; when tired of swinging the bells one way, reverse the practice and swing them in the contrary direction. There is a danger to beginners of the bell slipping from the hand in the rotary motion, and this they must endeavor to guard against by securing a firm grasp of it before commencing, and continuing the practice too long, which they frequently do from motives of bravado, as the flexor tendons are liable to become relaxed under the usual exertion.

### THE BICEPS.

This practice is performed by flexing the fore arm with a quick motion on the arm, and then shooting it towards the ceiling; also in raising the arm and flexing the fore arm over the shoulder; with the bells pointing downwards behind the back; and in imitating the process of rowing as nearly as possible either with one or both hands at once. This practice, besides acting on the biceps, develops the muscles of the fore arms beautifully, and as they must extend that part in order to flex it, brings the triceps into play; it will be found rather tiresome at first, particularly if the bells be tolerably weighty.

### THE TRICEPS.

This practice consists in extending the fore arm on the arm, and then carrying it backwards; also in flexing the fore arm, and then shooting it quickly backwards and forwards. This practice, besides strengthening and developing the muscles whose name it bears, like the biceps, tends to show those beautiful prominent ridges on the fore arm, which we seldom see now-a-days, except among gymnasts, or blacksmiths.

* The best weight for beginners is seven or eight pounds each.

## THE CONVEX, OR DOG EAT DOG.

I will here give a description of a very ingenious thing used by gamblers, called a convex, which is about the size of a half dollar, and is a very powerful magnifying glass, used only in cases of playing single handed, and is placed upon the knee, and as the cards are dealt off, one at a time, the person having the convex can see the face of the card magnified, which is a very great advantage, but it is of very little use in playing four handed, as it is very likely to be seen, but single handed, it is of great help to the gambler.

I was once travelling from St. Louis to Peoria, at the head of the Illinois River, some ten years since. Among the passengers was quite an aged man, who allowed he could beat any man on the boat at seven up, providing he could play his own kind of cards. There were several gentlemen aboard who had tried him, and he was some four hundred dollars winner. I asked him to let me look at his cards; I examined them very closely, but could not discover any stamp or marks upon them, and it was quite a mystery to me how he should have such extraordinary luck. I still thought he could be beat. I told him after tea I would try him a few games, and he appeared to have plenty of money, but I did not take him to be a gambler. I went to the Captain and asked him if he knew the old man? He said he had seen him often on the river, but did not think he was a gambler. But I thought he might have taken higher degrees in gaming than I had, and I was rather suspicious of him; however, after supper was over, and there had been several games started, I told him we would go away by ourselves, as I could not play where there was a crowd; he said he preferred being alone. We then went away by ourselves, and sat directly under the chandelier, where we had plenty of light, and commenced playing at ten dollars a single game, and he won several games in succession.

I was then satisfied that he was playing some per centage on me but was at a loss to detect him. I made an excuse to get up and get a drink of water, stepped out on the guards and into my state-room, opened my trunk, and got my convex, and went back and told the old man he was the hardest man to beat I ever saw; he said it was all luck. I asked him if he could play poker with the same luck; he said he knew no other game; we then played another game for ten dollars, and I lost as before. I then proposed doubling the stakes, as it might change my luck; he said it was immaterial to him as he would just as soon play for a hundred dollars as ten; we then made it fifty dollars a game, as it would make a shorter game. I then dropped one of the cards, and while picking it up, put my convex on my knee. We then commenced playing—he winning the first game; he was then one hundred and ten dollars ahead of me; we then kept on playing until about twelve o'clock, when the steward came to us and said it was twelve o'clock, and it was against the rules of the boat to play longer. I said we had better wait until morning, and get a good night's sleep, as we would feel better; he wished to continue playing; I said we had better conform to the rules of the boat; he said he was willing if it was the rules of the boat, but he had travelled the Western rivers for the last twenty years and had never heard of such rules before; I was then convinced he was an old gambler; but, before that, I had made up my mind I would play no more with him after that night; we then took a drink and each went to bed; when I got into my state-room, I found I was seven hundred and fifty dollars winner of him. The next morning, after I arose and got my breakfast, a gentleman asked me how I came out with the old man; I told him I had won a little; he asked me how much; I told him I did not exactly know, but in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars; he said I was a lucky man, as I was the first man he ever knew that won a dollar of him; I asked him if he was acquainted with him; he said he had known him for the last twenty years, and told me his name, and when I heard his name, I remembered of hearing of him before as an old gambler, who had ten years' experience to my one; but the improvements of the age had got the start of him, as he had been travelling through Mexico for the last five years, and was not posted. Just before the boat reached Peoria he came to me and asked my name; I told him; he asked me which way I was going; I told him I was bound for Chicago; he said he had to leave the boat at Peoria, and had to stop and see a brother who was very sick, but he would be on to Chicago in a few days, and would like to see me; I told him I would stop at the Sherman House, where he could see me, but he never called. It was a mystery to me how he beat me—but a greater mystery to him how I beat him.

Breathing and Thinking.—Let any one think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attends to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the same time; the face, chest, stomach and limbs are all actuated by his respiration. Now let him *feel his thoughts*, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath alternates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tremulous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as timid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary; let him endeavor to think in long stretches at the same time he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible; that in this case the chopping lungs will need mince his thoughts.

## ADVENTURE WITH A BENGAL TIGER.

Just as daylight was failing us, and while we were still a couple of miles from camp, I observed a troop of monkeys crowded together on a tree which overhung a clump of long grass, bounding from branch to branch in a state of great agitation, screaming, chattering, and making hideous grimaces, as if half enraged and half terrified at the sight of some object beneath them.

"What is the matter with the monkeys?" I inquired of my guide in Hindostanee.

"It is a tiger, probably," he replied, puffing away at his cheroot with perfect coolness, and striding along as if it were all a matter of course.

"The devil it is!" said I, thunderstruck at the coolness of the young rascal; for the path we were pursuing being bounded on each side by impenetrable jungle, obliged us to pass within a few yards of the haunted thicket; and cocking both barrels of my rifle, I stepped out at my best pace to escape from the dangerous neighborhood as quickly as possible.

We had just passed the thicket, and were making a short turn round the end of it, where, to my utter dismay, I found myself face to face, and within twenty yards of a royal tiger busily engaged in tearing up the carcase of a wild boar he had just killed. My hair almost stood on end as the brute raised his enormous head, smeared with blood, and glared upon us with his malignant green eyes. Mohadeen dropped his cheroot, and remained motionless as a statue, with his keen eye steadily fixed on that of the tiger. I knew of the nature of the animal to be aware that it was more dangerous to retreat than to stand fast; but thinking that a charge was now inevitable, I was determined to have "the first word of flyting," as we say in Scotland, and was about to raise my rifle, when Mohadeen, without removing his gaze from the tiger, laid his hand upon my arm, and kept it down with a firm grasp. The tiger growled and showed his teeth, but unable to withstand the fascination of the human eye, he gradually withdrew the paw, which jealously clutched his prey, crouched together, as if appalled by the steady gaze of the savage, turned slowly round, and uttering a sulky growl, slunk away into the long grass. No sooner was his back turned, than Mohadeen, clapping his hands to his mouth, sent forth that peculiar wild yell which appears to strike terror to the heart of the most savage animal, and we instantly heard the stealthy tread of the tiger change to a rapid gallop, as he fled in dismay from that unearthly cry.

"We have made him eat dirt," remarked the young savage, coolly picking up his cheroot, replacing it in the corner of his mouth, and walking off as if nothing remarkable had happened. We now set off towards camp at a round trot, for the short twilight of the tropics was fading rapidly, and my guide, although he affected to despise tigers by daylight, was perfectly aware they were not to be trifled with after nightfall. We reached the tents without further venture, and I confess I was not a little glad when we came in sight of our cheerful camp fires.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

### The Ring.

Mill between Donough and Welsh.—These lads, both novices in the "persuasive art," met according to articles, on Monday, Oct. 31, to settle the question as to boxing merit, they having been matched at catch-weight to contend for £5 a side. A start was made from Fenchurch-street, by the 9.15 a. m. train, the principles, seconds &c., alighting at Purfleet, Essex, whence they crossed the water, and after the usual delays, settled down, the veteran Puggy White quickly rearing the 24ft., and at 12 noon, without molestation, they got to work, Welsh (who is no relation to the renowned Jemmy) showing the finest points, and taking a decided lead, and in the fifth round obtaining *first blood* from a rattler on the speaking trumpet. This aroused master Donough, who, from this point, gradually worked his way upwards, quickly assuming the lead, which he held thenceforth throughout the encounter, frequently getting on the double, and completely astonishing his friends. Both lads fought with genuine gameness, neither flinching in the least; at length, after contesting 70 rounds, in one hour 35 minutes, Welsh cried "a go," and Donough had the satisfaction of securing his maiden victory within the ropes. He was considerably punished about the dial. Welsh was also well peppered, but received worst on the body; both, however, had a good hiding. Welsh's weight would be close on 9st.; Donough pulling down 8st. 10lbs.

Fatal Prize Fight near Sheffield.—A number of the pugilistic fraternity of Sheffield, met in the Old Park Wood at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, Oct. 23, to witness two contests between men who had agreed to fight for small sums of money. The ring was formed, and the fraternity gloated over the hard smashing blows which were dealt by the first pair of combatants, who struck away at each other with such terrific violence as to make their blows echo amongst the trees by which they were surrounded. When this fight was brought to a close, another for a sovereign a side was started between two young fellows named J. Dawes and William Horne. The combatants on stepping into the ring stripped in the good old pugilistic style, and had good seconds to wait on them. The mill had continued about 20 minutes, the pugilists were sitting on their second's knees, when time was called—Horne stood at once up to the call, but Dawes seemed to have some difficulty in complying. He made an effort however to get upon his legs, and as soon as he succeeded he fell upon the ground in an insensible condition. He was promptly attended by his seconds and others, and as he appeared in a dying state, a surgeon was immediately sent for. Before the arrival of the medical man Dawes had ceased to live, and his body was carried to the house of Mr. Thompson, Pitsmoor. It seems that Dawes had been engaged in several previous encounters, and that he had no very strong desire that this contest should take place, but he consented to meet his opponent, and try which was the better man. Whilst talking to his companions in reference to the fight he appears to have made use of the rather singular expression that "he would get a new top-coat for himself out of it or he would die in the attempt." It is said that Horne had not been engaged in prize-fighting before.

On Sunday night, detective officer Brayshaw took William Horne into custody. On Monday, Oct. 24, he was brought up at the Town Hall, charged with the manslaughter of John Dawes. When placed in the dock, Horne presented an appearance of having received some hard blows, his eyes being discolored, but the injuries were not of a serious character. Mr. Broadbent appeared to defend him, and Mr. Jackson (the Chief Constable) stated that as an inquest was about to be held he had to ask for a remand, and the prisoner could attend before the coroner or not as he pleased. Mr. Broadbent said he did not oppose the application, and at the proper time would attend before the coroner with his client. The prisoner was thereupon remanded. In the afternoon an inquest on the body of Dawes was opened at the Bay Horse Inn, Pitsmoor, before Mr. Webster, coroner. The body of the deceased lay in an upper room in the condition in which it was carried from the ring, without shirt, and the trousers being supported by a belt round the waist. There was no particular marks of violence on the body, though there was a discoloration under the right ear. The only evidence taken was that of the deceased's father, who identified the body. He also stated that the deceased was "as good a lad as ever stepped in shoe leather," and that though he had been engaged in fights before, he had recently promised not to fight again. The inquest was adjourned till Wednesday, Oct. 26.

The remains of the young man Dawes were interred at the General Cemetery last week. The procession was formed at the young man's own house, and when it had reached half way, it augmented to a crowd. The warehouses about the neighborhood turned out scores of young girls, and not a few workmen. On the remainder of the rout the accession consisted chiefly of bareheaded mothers whose infants were in like manner unprotected from the inclemency of a raw drizzling afternoon. The remains of the unfortunate man were borne to the grave by a number of well-dressed and respectable young men, and followed by his sorrowing family, presenting a contrast to the heterogeneous multitude who thronged the sacred precincts. Perhaps a more motley congregation was never drawn together within those walls. Old and young of both sexes, from the squaling cherub in arms to the decrepid old hag, most of them brought thither by idle curiosity; some hundreds in number who clustered round the grave or paced the grounds at a respectful distance. The pugilistic brethren were pretty numerous, and behaved themselves with becoming respect, which indeed does them great honor.—*Il. Sporting News.*

### EXCITING SCULLING MATCH

BETWEEN

TOM KING, THE PUGILIST, AND E. MAY, A TYPO,

FOR £50, ON TUESDAY, NOV. 4TH.

Tom King has done a sensible thing. In the height of his popularity, in the full bloom of his youth, and with his honors thick upon him, he has quitted the Prize Ring, and appears to have devoted himself to Aquatics, for which branch of sports he appears eminently qualified to shine. In September last he made his *debut* on the Thames in a pair-oared match with Randolph Cock, of Oxford (the winner of this year's Putney Coat and Badge), against Mr. Charles Rush, a well-known city bookmaker, and George Drewitt, from Putney to Hammersmith. On this occasion King and partner were unsuccessful, and, soon afterwards, the present match was got on with May, from Putney Aqueduct to the Old Ship at Mortlake, in the best boats they could find, to go with tide, and the usual rule to be abided by. King trained at Mr. Willcox's, Barnes, and May at Harry Salter's, Wandsworth. Jockey Driver showed May up, and Drewitt the conqueror of Heenan. The betting opened at 7 to 4 on King, rose to 2 to 1 on him, and closed at 7 to 4. The race commenced at half-past three o'clock, in a slack tide, and nearly high water. King, who had won the toss for choice of stations, and who of course, took the Middlesex shore, was the most active at starting, and instantly took a lead of half a length. May, however, was alive to business, pulled strongly and swiftly, and speedily got his boat in front, continuing his advantage to the Star and Garter, where Tom again shot ahead with a long, dragging, but vigorous stroke. May drew up a little at Simmons', and cleared King's boat again, thus mystifying matters to a vast extent among the immense number of spectators by these alternate leads. It was a desperate race along the side of the Willows, each pulling stroke for stroke, May's style being more taking and professional, while King's was by no means so artistic, although more determined. A dozen lengths further on, and King pulled up wonderfully, once more got nose to nose in a well-timed, beautiful spurt, which elicited the enthusiastic acclamations of the spectators on stream and shore. "Onward, onward," seemed King's watchword, and, by the time he passed the eager by-standers at the Dung-wharf, the conqueror of Mace and Heenan was full a brace of lengths in advance; but, independent of all this, he began to settle down to his work, and rowed remarkably easy. The time taken at the Crab Tree was 7 min. 30 secs. There was no alteration at the Soap-works, but May picked up half a length as they crossed over. As the Stepney representative passed under Hammersmith Bridge, the official time-keeper noted 11 min. 11 secs.; but, as it was clear that he was only paddling, little surprise was expressed at the very slow pace at which the race was being rowed. At the Doves, King increased his lead to three lengths; and, half way along Chiswick Ait, he was "walking the waters like a thing of life," while May was four clear boats' lengths astern. At Chiswick Church, this was extended to five, and Tom was going away in a spurt, when he was temporarily stopped by a sculler just as he was making Corney Point. Everything, as may readily be imagined, had, long ere this, denoted a foregone conclusion. Barnes Bridge was cleared in 23 min. 30 secs. At this period King was eight lengths ahead, and, as the signal gun was fired at his training-quarters, he finished, the victor of a remarkably slow race, by half a score lengths, in 27 min. 10 secs., amid the most vociferous cheering of the spectators. May rowed as pluckily as he could to the end of the prescribed course, when his time was found to be 20 secs. slower.

## OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### JAMES UNSWORTH.

The country which gave birth to this well known minstrel performer and original stump orator has been disputed. While some confidentially declare him to be a native of this country, others have asserted that the Emeral Isle claims him for one of her sons. Neither of these assertions are correct. He was born in Liverpool, of English parents, in the year 1838, and was taken to Canada in 1845, where for some time he followed the profession of a civil engineer. This vocation, however, not affording any scope for his peculiar humor, he quitted it, and formed a minstrel company in Montreal. Engineering was given up for burnt cork, and he burned to appear before the public. An opportunity soon occurred. He heard of a minstrel company near at hand, and became "one of 'em." In the Canadas he met with great success. He then went to Philadelphia and joined S. S. Sanford's party, where he remained one season. He then came to New York, where, for four years, as banjoist and general comedian, he was a great favorite. He first appeared in New York with Matt Peel's party; then with the Bryant Brothers. The George Christy Minstrel party had a split at Niblo's Saloon February 11th, 1860, and a portion of the company went to the Melodeon, Boston, under R. M. Hooley's management. Unsworth joined the company. They travelled through the country for some time. He afterwards joined Rumsey and Newcomb's party, and visited England. This was in 1861, and the company appeared in Liverpool, at Clayton Hall. Unsworth at once became an established favorite, and made the biggest kind of a hit with his stump oration. He next appeared at St. Martin's Hall, London, with the same party. The Hall had been taken by a reckless adventurer for the sole purpose of bringing out the Rumsey and Newcomb boys. The engagement was sadly disastrous to Messrs. Rumsey and Newcomb, for although St. Martin's Hall was nightly filled, the firm received nothing; for the engagement was repudiated, and the individual absconded from London. The managers then gave a series of performances at the Crystal Palace, after which they disbanded. A short time after this, said Unsworth, writing to a friend, "I was laid upon the shelf, but I was too fond of my profession to lie there quietly. I grew restless and fidgetty, and like a good soldier who feels he has done only half his duty, whenever I peeped from my uneasy quarters and saw a muster of black minstrels, my 'soul was in arms and eager for the fray,' in which I might show my zeal and devotion in the public service. From the slow steps taken by Rumsey and Newcomb I suspected my services were not required at all, and therefore, 'like a well bred dog, who walks quietly down stairs when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street,' followed the example of my betters, and resigned, rather than run the risk of staying to be starved out. It was my own act, and I complain of no one. I only assert my right to use whatever little talent may have been bestowed on me to the best advantage to myself." He then started on his own account, and for several weeks he gave his most original and unrivalled stump orations, burlesque operatic selections, and inimitable banjo songs; his quiet humor, quaint wit, and grandiloquent delivery stamped him as one of the best and most truthful delineators of burlesque character that has ever appeared on the other side of the Atlantic. For some time Mr. Unsworth was performing at the Oxford Music Hall, London, since 1862, giving his banjo solos, and a stump speech every night. He is now with Wilsom's Christy party, in Manchester, Eng.

Some exception has been taken to Mr. Unsworth's style, as throwing too much ridicule upon the public speakers of London; but when the very harmless nature of his playfulness is considered, the shafts of the would-be critics fall pointless to the ground. Ridicule, like all other witty things, is capable of being abused, so as to do infinite harm; but use it as a vehicle to produce innocent mirth, it is one of those delights which contribute to pleasure, and may be lawfully cultivated. Every good man is a friend to harmless mirth. The real uses to which ridicule may be applied, seem to be in assisting truth, by exciting attention, in a striking and lively manner, to the follies of mankind. To virtue, ridicule is useful, by curing smaller follies and foibles, and by hindering men from carrying the noble passion to excess. Wit, when employed to the prejudice of morality in general, whether it be by recommending vice or deprecating virtue, or in rendering contemptible the characters of those whom we are bound to respect, as our rulers, magistrates, and law-makers, is a perversion of the gift, and ought not to be encouraged. If these remarks were more attended to by singers at our music halls, and even at the theatres, it would be purifying all such places of resort. That minstrelsy is in the ascendant there is not a doubt. It has become a fixed institution, an immovable fact. In England, as well as in this country, it has made rapid strides within the past few years. And why should it not be so? While the "real nigger" is engaging the attention of the whole world, why should not the "mock turtle" come in for his share?

## THE "DOSING" OF HEENAN.

### The Benicia Boy Overhauled by the British Sporting Press.

THEY DENY THE "DOSING"—NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

As the following article, which we copy from the London *Illustrated Sporting News*, contains some new developments, which, late as it may be, have never appeared in print, we give it insertion, at the same time adding that we consider the criticism very severe, and have no doubt that it will tend greatly to injure Heenan in the eyes of his English sporting friends.

"We have always respected John C. Heenan, the American pugilist. Our opinion of his capabilities as an exponent of the art of self-defence has never been very high. We saw little merit in his long encounter with the little stale old man, Tom Sayers, who broke his tremendous right arm early in the battle and fought his antagonist blind; and we were never struck with his skill in the use of the gloves; but we liked the man, for we thought him gentlemanly, honorable, and truthful. We have now to announce that that estimation of his private worth no longer exists, for in a letter to New York, a garbled portion of which found its way with editorial comments into a certain New York paper, and is reproduced in our columns this week, he has proved that he is destitute of at least two of the good qualities for which we gave him credit. He asserts that he is sure he was poisoned previous to his battle with King. He says that on entering the train to go to the fight he fell fast asleep; that he awoke in a profuse perspiration, and from that time his senses deserted him. He has his suspicions as to the author of the presumed atrocity, but is not prepared to say just yet who the villain is. 'The man' —— also throws in another cut at poor Macdonald for not claiming the fight when King was out of time. As long as Heenan was silent we should have been content to let the crazy editors of the New York papers rave to their hearts' content, but now that Heenan has spoken, and spoken in a style so opposed to truth, we deem it our duty to examine into the alleged accusations, and by letting in the strong light of truth upon them test their worth. In the first place, Heenan says he was poisoned. He well knows every hand that tendered him food or drink, and unless in a state of intoxication must have detected the foul play. He asserts that he fell into a dead sleep in the railway carriage, and that on awakening he found himself in a profuse perspiration. Granted. We know nothing more likely. And then he comes upon us with the tremendous assertion that from that time he was lost to the world. Reason deserted him, and he walked and fought as one in a dream. Well, we saw John C. Heenan leave his carriage. Any one more awake or alive to the business on hand than he at that moment we did not observe in all the motley troupe that poured from the vast string of carriages. It was our lot to follow Heenan's footsteps to the selected ground. We cannot forget that on the way thither the American met his antagonist. The meeting is quite fresh in our mind at this moment. Shall we remind the Benicia Boy of the sneer with which he greeted King, and the boastful words that fell from his lips? Is it possible that he forgets that on looking at King's nose and remarking on its symmetry, he made a promise to spoil its shape before any great length of time? Really, for a man divested of reason, he walked, looked, and spoke in a remarkable manner. Had his mental powers been in never so active a state very little more could have been expected from him. Then his conduct in the ring. The sturdy front, the air of supreme *nonchalance*, the cool style in which the business of the toss was carried out, the collected chat with his friends during Richardson's wrangle with Mr. Smith, and the alacrity of the stripping and the conscious power expressed in his eyes as his terrific muscles were exposed to the keen morning air. All this was not the behavior of a man in a dream. But we will go on with the history of the day. We can now see in our mind's eye the smile and the celerity with which he came to the scratch. We have a vivid recollection of the tactics he used in sparring for an opening, and we cannot forget the tiger-like spring with which he pounced upon King, and sought to strangle him or break his neck. There was no want of reason there. The awful expression of the face could only be seen on a man whose mental faculties were working actively, and whose mind was bent on one awful purpose. It was by this behavior that Heenan lost his fight. In seeking to at once crush out the life or strength of his man he exhausted all his physical resources. It is possible that he in that fearful struggle ruptured some one or more of those delicate fibres or blood-vessels which, minute in themselves, exercise so large a power in keeping in working order that marvellous piece of workmanship, the human frame. A man with the slightest knowledge of the human body could trace in the concentrated agony depicted on Heenan's face, and in the quivering of the frame, an internal derangement of a serious character. It was then urged that King was out of time. *He was!* But where was Heenan? We heard his seconds and friends yelling at the referee, and saw them pointing to King, but the American never quitted his seat, or if he did he did not come to the scratch; indeed, he never was found there until Tyler insisted upon his taking up his proper position. These are a few facts which we think dissipate the plea of poison being administered; but we have one more which must entirely wipe out the foul suspicion. At the end of the third round, Bill Ryall, who was seated by our side, sprang to his feet and fought his way to Heenan's corner; having an idea that the best thing we could do would be to follow him, we struggled through the surging mass of humanity, after the Birmingham Hercules, and took up our place once more in his locality. Heenan, according to his own showing, was at this time unconscious. If so, how comes it that when Ryall cried out to him, 'John, John, why don't you use your left?' he turned round and whispered, 'I can't. It's all over. I'm beaten.' For an unconscious man this was a very sensible speech. We know what followed. All the world knows the sequel. As soon as King warmed to his work, measured his man, and became alive to his tactics, he literally butchered him. If John C. Heenan for one moment became bereft of reason, it was by the mastery his own evil passions had over him, not through the agency of a poison. This we believe, and will assert in the face of all the New York bunkum we can have brought in opposition to us. Macdonald did not claim the fight for Heenan because Heenan had no legitimate claim to it. Had his skilful trainer seen him at the scratch, and King lingering in the corner, he would have claimed the battle with the greatest alacrity. Conscious of all these facts, why does Heenan make such assertions? He is very well treated in England. He has made hosts of friends, and might spend the whole of his days, or as many of them as he thinks proper amongst us in ease and luxury. But we warn him that if he persists in his present line of conduct, his conduct will bring him into contempt, and he need feel no surprise if his warmest friends and admirers should express the opinion we have given utterance to in the commencement of this article."

# THE GAME OF CHESS.

## To Correspondents.

CHAS. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—Of "S. L.'s" whereabouts we are wholly uninformed. We herewith give "T. M. B." the opportunity of ventilating a defence to your new observations—"if any he have."

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 452.

| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..R to Q 3 | B to B 6 | 3..Q × B mate. | |
| 2..Kt × P + | K-his 5 | | |

If Black 1..B × R; 2..B to K 4, and 3..mates.
And if 1..P to Kt 4; 2..Kt-B 6 +, and 3..Q mates.
Author's solution—I presume. But again:
1..Q × P +, K to B 4; 2..B-K 4 +, 3..Q mates. And if we remove White's R P, or both R P's, the very same thing happens And, 4th and lastly; remove Black's R P and we have:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to Kt 4 | P to K 3 | 3..Kt, or Q, mates. | |
| 2..Q-Kt 7 + | K moves. | | |

If Black 1..P to Q 6, or B to B 6; 2..Kt × P +, and 3..mates.
And if 1..P to Kt 4; 2..has several moves, 3..mates.
And if 1..B to Q 6; 2..Q × P +, and 3..Q to Kt 5, mate.
Together with Solution No. 1.

So there now; let "T. M. B." put that in his pipe and smoke it! The truth is, that in trying to serve two mistresses, Caissa and Crinoline, he has got into trouble!!

And my advice, as a man and a brother,
Is to quit the service of the one or t'other.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—There! see what you get by serving out to the "Bachelor Club" a problem "what's got a ho-el into it."

E. L., Providence, R. I.—See solution above.

J. F. S., New Milford, Ct.—On actually making the proposition to purchase the remains of the collection in question, we found a part of the managers opposed to selling; so the scheme fell through. Apply at the office for the required CLIPPER. The date you ask for is Aug. 14th, 1864.

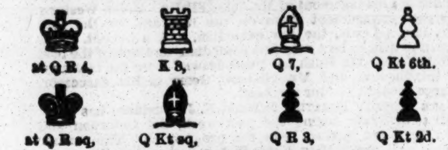
SORRY TO SEE IT.—We can but express our regret at seeing such an ebullition of something so very closely bordering on scurrility as Game No. 116, in our young contemporary, *Forney's War Press*, recently. It is an exhibition of bad judgment and worse taste of which we could scarcely have believed so gentlemanly a person, as we have always esteemed the Chess Editor to be, to be guilty.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Do not think we are taxing your patience from wanton indifference to your kindness, or to try how great delays you will put up with; for neither suggestion is true. Considering our limited space, we were never so overwhelmed with contributions as now; and all shall have as near a just chance at appearance as we can possibly arrange.

## Enigma No. 455.

*From the Illustrated London News.*

BY THE REV. MR. RANKEN.

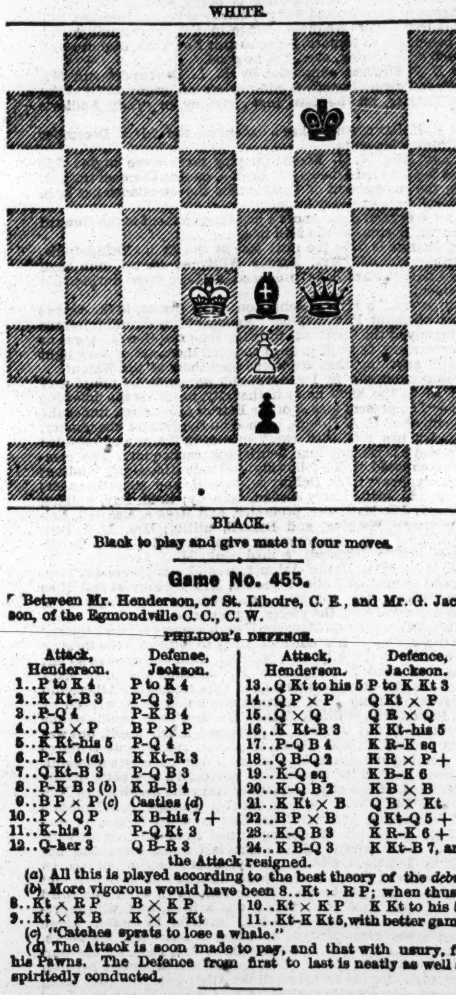


White to play and give mate in six moves.

## Problem No. 455.

BY T. P. BULL.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in four moves.

## Game No. 455.

Between Mr. Henderson, of St. Liboire, C. E., and Mr. G. Jackson, of the Egmondville C. C., C. W.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

| Attack, Henderson. | Defense, Jackson. | Attack, Henderson. | Defence, Jackson. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 13..Q Kt to his 5 | P to K Kt 3 |
| 2..K Kt-B 3 | P-Q 3 | 14..Q P × P | Q Kt × P |
| 3..P-Q 4 | P-K B 4 | 15..Q × Q | Q R × Q |
| 4..Q P × P | B P × P | 16..K Kt-B 3 | K Kt-his 5 |
| 5..K Kt-his 5 | P-Q 4 | 17..P-Q B 4 | K R-K sq |
| 6..P-K 6 (a) | K Kt-R 3 | 18..Q B-Q 2 | K R × P + |
| 7..Q Kt-B 3 | P-Q B 3 | 19..K-Q sq | K B-K 6 |
| 8..P-K B 3 (b) | K B-B 4 | 20..K-Q B 2 | K B × B |
| 9..B P × P (c) | Castles (d) | 21..K Kt × B | Q B × Kt |
| 10..P × Q P | K B-his 7 + | 22..B P × B | Q Kt-Q 5 + |
| 11..K-his 2 | P-Q Kt 3 | 23..K-Q B 3 | K R-K 6 + |
| 12..Q-her 3 | Q B-R 3 | 24..K B-Q 3 | K Kt-B 7, and |

the Attack resigned.

(a) All this is played according to the best theory of the *debut.*
(b) More vigorous would have been 8..Kt × R P; when thus:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8..Kt × R P | B × K P | 10..Kt × K P | K Kt to his 5 |
| 9..Kt × K B | K × K Kt | 11..Kt-K Kt 5, with better game. | |

(c) "Catches sprats to lose a whale."
(d) The Attack is soon made to pay, and that with usury, for his Pawns. The Defence from first to last is neatly as well as spiritedly conducted.

Very entertaining and instructive *partie* at Leipsic, between Dr. Schmidt and Louis Paulsen.—*Era.*

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

| Dr. Schmidt. | Mr. Paulsen. | Dr. Schmidt. | Mr. Paulsen. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 15..K to his R sq | K Kt to B 4 (*f*) |
| 2..K Kt-B 3 | Q Kt-B 3 | 16..P-K Kt 4 (*g*) | K Kt × B |
| 3..K B-Kt 5 | K Kt-B 3 | 17..B P × Kt | Kt-K 3 (*h*) |
| 4..P-Q 4 | K P × P | 18..Q B × Kt | Q × Q B |
| 5..P-K 5 | K Kt-K 5 | 19..Q Kt-B 3 | P-K B 3 |
| 6..Castles | K B-K 2 | 20..K P × P | K R × P |
| 7..K Kt × P | Castles | 21..P-K B 5 | P-K R 4 |
| 8..K Kt-B 5 | P-Q 4 | 22..K R-K sq (*i*) | Q-K Kt 4 |
| 9..Kt × K B + | Q Kt × Kt | 23..K R-K 8 + | K-his R 2 |
| 10..P-K B 3 | Kt-Q B 4 | 24..Q-Kt 3 (*j*) | Q × Kt P |
| 11..Q B-K 3 (*e*) | K Kt-K 3 | 25..R-K Kt sq | Q-B 6 + |
| 12..P-K B 4 | Q Kt-B 4 | 26..Q R-Kt 2 | B × B P |
| 13..Q B-Q 2 | P-Q B 3 | 27..K R-K 2 | B-K R 6 |
| 14..K B-Q 3 | Q-Kt 3 + | 28..Kt-K 4, and | |

Mr. Paulsen announced mate in three moves.

(*e*) The opening is well played. The Defence, especially, has managed to get a safe game.
(*f*) The manœuvring of the Kts is very skillfully contrived by Mr. P., enabling him to get rid of the hostile K B, which occupies so commanding a position.
(*g*) B to K 2d would bring hostile Kt to K 5th advantageously.
(*h*) All capitally played. The Dr. is now forced to give up the other B, leaving his adversary with a B against his Kt—in Mr. P.'s hands a considerable advantage.
(*i*) Weak; K R to B 3d was the correct move.
(*j*) There was nothing better. If P to K B 3d, then P × P; 25..P × P, R to R 3d +, winning easily.

# CHEQUERS.

## To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

## Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

## To Correspondents.

E. R. JACQUES, Malvern, C. W.—Your game goes in this week. (2.) We hope your proposed tournament will not fail through as we should like to receive some of the games when played. (3.) We received your correction of the "Fife," and noted at the time that it was published as Game No. 43, Vol. XI., in the CLIPPER. (4.) Your solution of the position was also noted at the time as being incorrect. There are different opinions about it, as to its being a draw. (5.) The opinions of the *Buffalo Luminary* in regard to critical games does not amount to but little by our best players. We doubt his winning the game you mention—in fact, it's but a draw.

A. KERR, Glasgow, Scotland.—The package duly received, also the papers come regularly to hand. (2.) We have several good players, but we doubt having any so good as Wylie, or Martins. Messrs. Bethel, Drysdale, Mercer, Littlefield, Clute and Vannatta are our best players. (3.) The CLIPPER is the Draught player's organ of America, and we are pleased to hear your players are pleased with the column.

NIAGARA, Buffalo, N. Y.—Send us the games, will publish soon. (2.) We saw the article you mention, "Morphy at Chequers," is a big joke. He admits he is ignorant of the game. How, then, is he competent to criticise it?

JOHN O'NEILL, Lachine, C. E.—We are pleased to learn that after studying the "Elements of Draughts" you are resolved to "follow it up." At present we cannot inform you whether or not the books are obtainable in this city. We prefer Anderson's work, as do most players of note in this country. As soon as we learn, you will be informed in this department of the CLIPPER.

EXPRESS, New York.—The position appears this week. You are right; it is a beauty. Thanks.

A MATCH AT DRAUGHTS was played at the club rooms on Monday, 14th inst., between Mr. Hickok of New York and an amateur of Williamsburgh, for $50. The first seven won games were to win the match, and Mr. H. allowed his opponent the draws. The match was won in short order by H., the score standing 7 to 4 at the close. Another match is to be played at the club rooms between Messrs. Thompson and Hickok of the Metropolitan Draught Club, for $50, on Thursday, Dec. 1st. The first seven games won is to decide it. We hope to be able to give some of the best games to our readers, so that they may judge a little of the merits of some of our lovers of the game. As the ball is started, we hope it will be kept rolling.

THE PURSER of the steamer Britannia will please accept our thanks for recent favors.

## Game No. 37--Vol. XII.

THIRTY-FIFTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

| Wylie, Black. | Martins, White. | Wylie, Black. | Martins, White. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 to 15 | 23 to 19 | 14..14 to 23 | 27 to 18 |
| 2..8 11 | 22 17 | 15..10 14 | 30 25 |
| 3..4 8 | 17 13 | 16..14 23 | 25 18 |
| 4..15 18 | 24 20 | 17..7 10 | 21 17 |
| 5..9 14 | 26 23 | 18..23 26 | 29 25 |
| 6..11 15 | 28 24 | 19..26 30 | 25 21 |
| 7..8 11 | 31 26 | 20..30 26 | (b)18 14 |
| 8..6 9 | 13 6 | 21..9 18 | 20 16 |
| 9..2 9 | 26 22 | 22..11 27 | 32 7 |
| 10..3 8(a) | 22 17 | 23..26 23 | 19 15 |
| 11..18 22 | 25 18 | 24..23 18 | 7 2 |
| 12..15 22 | 17 13 | 25..18 11 | 2 9 |
| 13..1 6 | 23 18 | 26..5 14 | 17 10 |

Drawn.

(a) The variation. Sturges plays 9 to 13, White wins, or 1 to 6, and Black draws.
(b) A fine shot.

## Game No. 38.--Vol. XII.

SINGLE CORNER.

BY E. R. JACQUES, MALVERN, C. W.

| Black. | White. | Black. | White. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 to 15 | 23 to 18 | 15..17 to 26 | 31 22 |
| 2..15 22 | 22 18 | 16..10 14 | 18 9 |
| 3..8 11 | 29 25 | 17..5 14 | 27 24 |
| 4..4 8 | 24 20 | 18..7 10 | 22 18 |
| 5..10 15 | 25 22 | 19..6 9 | 13 6 |
| 6..12 16 | 21 17 | 20..2 9 | 30 25 |
| 7..8 12 | 17 13 | 21..14 17 | 26 21 |
| 8..7 10 | 27 24 | 22..17 22 | 21 17 |
| 9..9 14 | 18 9 | 23..9 13 | (a)18 14 |
| 10..5 14 | 32 27 | 24..26 26 | 14 7 |
| 11..3 7 | 24 19 | 25..13 22 | 7 3 |
| 12..15 24 | 28 19 | 26..26 31 | (1)23 18 |
| 13..14 17 | 22 18 | 27..16 23 | (b)24 19 |
| 14..1 5 | 26 22 | 28..31 27 | 19 15 |

Drawn.

Notes by E. R. Jacques.

(a) This move is a new one, yet perfectly safe. [A mistake. Drummond plays it, but says 7 to 3, White's 25th move, loses.—ED. CLIP.]
(1) This is the move that improves on Drummond. He plays 3 to 7, and allows Black to win.—ED. CLIP.
(b) This move draws, any other would lose.

## Solution of Position No. 29. Vol. XII.

BY JAMES WYLIE.

| Black. | White. | Black. | White. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..22 to 26 | 31 to 22 | 4..23 to 27 | 32 to 23 |
| 2..10 14 | 17 10 | 5..6 15 | 13 6 |
| 3..13 17 | 22 13 | 6..1 | 28, and wins. |

## Solution of Drummond's 38th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1..27 to 24 | 20 to 27 |
| 2..31 24 | 16 20 |
| 3..11 15, and wins. | |

## Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

| Black—J. McI. | White—J. McG. |
|---|---|
| 6..7 10 | 25 22 |
| 7..4 8 | |

SECOND GAME.

| Black—J. McG. | White—J. McI. |
|---|---|
| 4..9 13 | 27 23 |
| 5..6 9 | 23 18 |

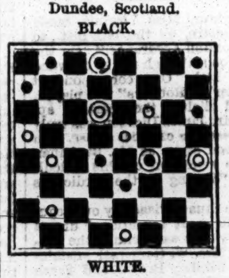
## Position No. 30, Vol. XII.

A SPLENDID POSITION.

BY W. CAMERON.

Dundee, Scotland.

BLACK.



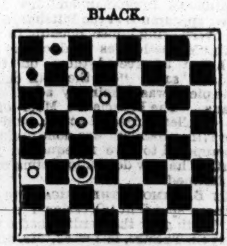
WHITE.

White to move and win.

## The 39th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
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HEREAFTER no advertisements of a questionable character will be admitted into the columns of the CLIPPER. We have always been ready and willing to accommodate the advertising community, but of late we have been somewhat imposed upon in this matter by parties who have no regular place of business, and whose advertisements do not appear to be of a legitimate character. We therefore give notice that nothing of the kind will henceforth be received, and advertisers who desire to avail themselves of our circulation must conform to this rule in every particular.

JOLLY TARS AHOY!!!
WHAT CRAFT IS THAT?
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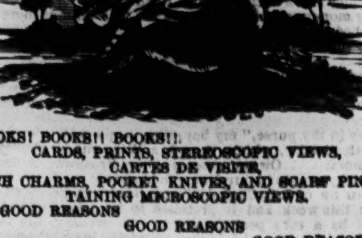

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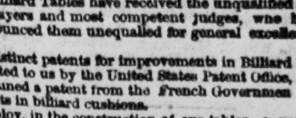

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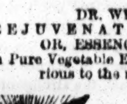

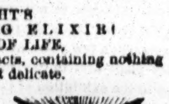

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*Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.*

## Our Letter-Box.

☞ We have letters for Mr O'Brien, A. B. J., C. C. Palmer, J. W. Rayner, J. H. Hurley, Manager of Brewer's Minstrels, Prof. Edwin Holmes, L B Lent, W. H. Donaldson, J. K. Power, "Tenor," Harry Stanwood, Charles Shay, Wm. Ward (2), O. W. Dodge (2), Hugh Hamall, W. W. Newcomb, W. H. Otis, A. L. P. (3), "Equestrian," E. W. Hale, M. Verrecke, W. P. Spaulding, Harry Wentworth, Rufus Somerby (3), John Glenroy, D. C. La Rue, Geo. W. Stevens, Jerry Sullivan, Willie Fields (2), Mr Sweet (Haverly's Minstrels), Harry Pell, W. Ware (3), J. W. Carroll, H. B. Gates, Fred. Wilson, Mrs. Alex Robinson, Emma Marsh, Annie Douglas, Julia A. Hill, Mad. Mazora Arnoldi, Mad. Farrand, Charles Baker, Daniel Scott, Thomas M'Nally, Jules Stratton, and J. W. Rayner.

## Notice.

All communications, correspondence, etc., intended for this or any other department of the New York Clipper, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

Frank Queen,
Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper.

## City Summary.

Monday, Nov. 21, '64.

After New York's fitful, feverish Presidential election, we sleep well, which is a good sign of a contented mind. The city has well nigh resumed its "usual quiet and orderly character;" the gentlemen who secured reserved seats for a trip to Salt River have gone on their way rejoicing, perhaps; the unfortunate persons who pinned their faith on the Chicago Platform, and got stuck, are busily engaged in paying their wagers, which, as the church people call them the wagers of sin, must be death to those chaps which don't like to lose on sure things; the victors are gathering in the spoils, because the spoiled things are said to belong to them; gold has come down like Vallandigham and his gay deceivers, and provisions have advanced in a corresponding manner. Having saved the country once more, our political circus performers and ring masters are turning their attention to the very important subject of saving the city, which, as it is a very nice pigeon to pluck, will be very effectually skinned at the coming local election. Some of our political friends are in a quandary because it is uncertain whether *all* of their choice candidates will be out of jail in time to "stand" the nomination; we have no doubt their places will be equally well filled in case the *regular* nominees fail to meet their constituents on the universal basis of liberty, but we shall in all probability have the regulars with us, for the wire-workers and managers of the political show will "exhaust all the resources of statesmanship in an effort to restore them to the country."...... We have had an extra show since our last, an exhibition of a "Beast," who has been caged at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and stirred up "before the wondering gaze of an intelligent and appreciative audience." This "Beast," in all its ferocious grandeur, held a *levee* on Monday evening, Nov. 14th, and nearly everybody of importance was there; Horace Greeley was there, James Gordon Bennett was there, and *we* were there; there were others, of minor importance, including a fair sprinkling of the fair sex. The "Beast's" paws were felt and admired, his general appearance closely scrutinized, and he was talked at as no wild animal was ever talked at before. The gentlemen of minor importance all wanted to make a speech at the "Beast." The pickle vender was present, and spoke. "Three cheers for Kidley Bender!" shouted a lover of pickles. "My name's *not* Kidley Bender," replied the irate speaker, in thunder tones; and the ignorant cuss was at once driven out. A warm-hearted son of the Emerald Isle, lately arrived, seeing one of the colored waiters fixed up nicely, and wishing to be particularly polite in the presence of the "Beast," approached the Ethiopian, and accosted him:—"Its a war-rum avening, nager." If ever you saw a "nager" look black, that one did. It was a good show all through, and brought together, like a funeral, men who had been estranged for years. Brother Greeley appeared in "new costume, prepared expressly for this occasion," being his first appearance since the late election; his friend Bennett also looked and acted his part in a modest and life-like manner; both of those gentlemen are good general performers, and they would prove a valuable acquisition to any well-organized political troupe. The "Beast," however, took the rag off the bush, as Brother Beecher might remark; a few years more experience in the National Theatre may place him in the front rank of learned beasts......As an offset to the exhibition of the Beast, the strong-minded women folks had a sort of show at Hope Chapel; the most important business transacted was the expression of faith in the good time coming, when women can dress as they please, go where they want to, and do as they d—n please, generally. We like a show of women, *as* women, but when they aspire to wear the breeches, we prefer to visit the menagerie...... The weather, like the gold market, was in an unsettled condition last week, and the opera and theatres experienced a trifle of its deteriorating and deleterious influences, as our well-informed schoolmaster used to tell us when we were just learning to say our a-b abs; but it takes a pretty prolific storm to take all the starch out of our theatres in these war times, it does. One evening last week, when the moon, which had just filled its horns, was shining as brightly as all new moons should shine, we took Mary Jones to see the play; we were fixed up equal to Horace Greeley at Butler's reception. When the show was out, and we got to the front door, what was our dismay to see a long line of umbrellas in front of us. Then there *was* trouble; everybody had the fidgets; the girls adjusted their dresses, covered their disgraceful three story bonnets, bundled up their throats, and, as a profane young gentleman of this city asserted, there was h—l to pay. "Only to think, it was so clear when we came out to-night," exclaimed one; "dear, dear, I'd never come if I thought it would rain," asseverated another; "and this is my best hat; it 'll be ruined," cried a third; we enjoyed it, *we* did, and we were smart, *we* were, for we quietly beckoned a jehu to us, engaged him to drive us home, for "five dollars, because it was such a stormy night," and thereupon looked compassionately upon the poor devils who had to foot it in the rain. We were certainly vexed when we got outside, for instead of rain, the moon was shining with brilliancy, and there stood a dozen d—n fools with umbrellas up, laughing to kill at the good sport they were having. But let us turn from such a shameful subject to a—

Fearful Thought "how hell might happen," according to the divinations of certain learned gentlemen who make that subject their particular study. Says one of 'em, says he—"If the earth should be stopped in its orbit, it would begin to fall straight toward the sun. As it approached more nearly to that great source of heat it would soon reach a point where the temperature is as high as two hundred and twelve degrees, and then all of the waters of the ocean would be evaporated. As it drew still nearer, the rocks would be melted, and afterward they also would be evaporated. Before it reached the sun, this solid earth would be converted into a vast volume of red hot gas, which, *when it fell into the fiery atmosphere of the sun, would merely produce blasts of wind* from the point where it struck outward in all directions." We guess the man *means* well enough, but what's the use of worrying us with these hot blasts? We think the time might be better employed in telling us how *Heller* might happen, how he might by the power of centrifugal and other unseen sources, perform feats of magic which would awe the world, and make us wonder at his great designs. Why, already he perplexes us so that we hardly can tell whether he is of the earth earthy, or a noble scion of the house of Pluto. Just look at his "Scarlet Spirit" performance, frinstance: he kills it with his good sword, yet it still lives; he kills it again, by cutting off its running gear, yet again it moves, and breathes, and receives its salary with all the modesty of a longshoreman after the last strike. And then to hear Heller play the "Last Rose of Summer" is truly like eating "tapioca both" after turkey. We enjoy Heller's entertainments—he does his tricks so cleverly, talks so wittily, and plays the piano so artistically. Next to an editor, a conjuror's the thing.

Some people condemn Mrs. Lot for looking back, whereby she became a pillar of salt. It is an open question; for our part we have never blamed the woman for the curiosity she manifested on that unfortunate occasion, because it is the nature of the sex to look back, and talk back, too; they *all* do it—its born in 'em, and you might as well try to stop them from buying "dry goods damaged by salt water" as to attempt to prevent them from going to Barnum's Museum. We find it the best plan to give 'em full swing—they fetch up all standing some time or other just as the observing Mrs Lot did, and salt won't save them, either...... Talking of Barnum's, the dramatic company have been performing in the latest dramatic sensation called "Waiting for the Verdict," and they do it remarkably well, too. Waiting for the verdict is a very trying occupation when you happen to be the criminal, as many of you no doubt have learned to your sorrow and cost; its equally perilous when you have laid a good stake upon the ultimate action of a "jury of your countrymen," as many can testify who lost their money on the late election. When you look at it in the light of play, however, as at Barnum's, then you can enjoy "Waiting for the Verdict," and profit by the lessons it teaches...... Commodore Nutt, the reserve of the Thumb combination, now about to advance upon Europe, sailed on the 19th inst., in the steamship City of Baltimore, under the care of the great Barnum, who, when he arrives on the adverse side of the heaving billows of the Atlantic, will startle all England with his tactics. *You'll* see. Good bye, sassy little Nutt, and may your last days be full of blissful repose.

In the skilful language of Gen. Butler, let us say to our deluded brethren of the deluded confederacy, "Come back, come back now: leave off feeding upon salt junk and corn husks, and we will share our mashed potatoes and spring chickens with you, and we will take you to Van Amburgh's Menagerie, and show you the wild beasts and the elephant. Come and welcome—there's no free list here, but we can get *you* all passed in if you will let bygones be bygones. Come back and you will find things just as you left them, except certain changes made by dry goods and provision dealers."...... It may not be invidious to mention that Van Amburgh's Menagerie had a very encouraging opening week. Some of the animals have grown since we last saw them, but that don't make them less attractive; it's one of the natural results of our physical construction. Do you remember the great conundrum we made about Manager Frost last season? Well, some day we intend to treat you to another, equally interesting and durable. But about the Menagerie: if you are fond of animated nature, Van Amburgh's collection will afford you ample scope for the exercise of your observant organs. It's cheap, too; you can go through the whole concern for two shillings.

According to the organs and other wind-instruments of Jeff Davis, Hood has played a "splendid game," and "got Sherman just where he wants him," perhaps. Manager Wood, of the Broadway Theatre, has also played a capital game, and got John Owens just where *he* wants *him*, vizly, in his own theatre, where, between the pair of 'em, they're making a nice thing of it, and, salting down ye much-coveted greenbacks, with astonishing fecundity. Here's a few stray lines in testimony of Owens' merits, "written expressly for the New York Clipper:"

John Owens is a hunkey boy, with him no one can mingle,
In actin' out that funny bit of Yankee Solon Shingle;
If I had money and a friend, as once I had before,
I'd take my money and my friend, and see this Shingle more;
Truth crushed to earth will rise again, as you may oft have heard,
But give to me the roaring breeze, or a well-broiled partridge bird;
John Owens he can play his part, as well as any other,
But time and tide wait for no man, not even for one's brother.
Then forward, John! the field is won, you've carried all before you;
"Put money in thy purse," my boy, then people will adore you.

End of the poetry, which, though a little mixed, conveys a beautiful moral...... Owens' success at the Broadway is one of the noteworthy events in our dramatic history.

The wind up of J. S. Clarke's Winter Garden engagement will take place this week, and it promises to be a week of variety. There will be a rare performance on one evening, the three Booths, Edwin, Junius and J. Wilkes, appearing in a Shakespereau play, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Monument. What a jam there will be to see the Booths together. We predict for the occasion one of the largest audiences that ever assembled within the walls of a theatre...... Edwin Booth's engagement commences on Monday next, November 28th, when "Hamlet" will be produced in magnificent style. Preparations for this event have been going on for weeks, and it is thought that it will equal, if not surpass, anything of the kind ever presented to the notice of a New York audience.

"The Poor Gentleman" will be introduced to the patrons of the Broadway Theatre this evening, "The Victims" being retired. John Owens takes charge of Dr. Ollapod. Solon Shingle will be retained on the programme, as the people have not had half enough of this great bit of acting.

The Minstrels are doing a fair share of business. Wood's troupe are giving good entertainments of a varied character. Archy Hughes, quite a clever comedian, took hold last week, going on the end where Charley Fox used to be. Archy is an arch darkey, his comicalities bringing him into favor at once. As a sort of "extra," Manager Wood has introduced a couple of gymnasts, who did two capital acts last week, to the evident delight of the spectators. Messrs. Penney and Goldie are the hard currency names of the intrepid performers. The "regulars," however, seem somewhat opposed to bringing spangles into the business, as it might convey the impression that there is not talent enough in "cork" to draw—however able they may be to draw the cork.

There was a time when concert halls and pretty waiter girls had peculiar attractions in the eyes of Young America. Who has forgotten the sylphlike creatures, with fairy waists, sparkling eyes, and well-moulded arms that once bewildered the senses of the unsophisticated youth and dealt out to him mugs of creamy lager? How graceful they were! How carefully they picked their way across the floor! Mirth, mischief and deviltry lurked in the smiles that dimpled their chins, while the poorest segar brought by their dainty hands, loaded down with an abundance of rings, seem to be transformed into a superior article. What strange beings they were! How willingly they partook of sherry cobblers at your expense, or imbibed a large number of brandy punches in the shape of Stoughton's Bitters! With what a smile did they pocket your small change, and resist all your efforts to obtain it, with the remark "Oh, *you* don't want it!" The reign of the pretty waiter girl is over. Who has forgotten the Canterbury, with its immense mirrors and well-cushioned chairs? Who does not remember the Melodeon, with its wooden settees and its thick atmosphere of smoke and liquor? Of all the places of this kind that once took New York by storm—and there were a number of them—the American Theatre at 444 Broadway is the only one that is left. A concert hall no longer, it is, as its name implies, a theatre, where good entertainments are given every evening in the week. Manager Butler has gathered together an excellent company, and his endeavors to please the vast host of his admirers have been crowned with success. The pantomime of "Kimka, or the Adventures of an Æronaut," has been produced in superb style, and in its mounting, dresses, and carrying out, reminds us of the good old days when the Ravel Family trod the boards of Niblo's Garden. Each member of the company strives to do his best, and, as long as they are willing, Manager Butler is willing; and the consequence is that novelties are produced in rapid succession. The mere nominal price of admission renders this place a great resort with the mass of the people, who nightly crowd its walls and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Those who want a seat should go early to the American Theatre.

Dolly Davenport, who recently cut loose from the Winter Garden and joined the forces at the Broadway, where some years ago he made himself such a favorite with the public, had a very cordial reception at the latter place on the 14th inst. Three cheers greeted the jolly Dolly on his appearance, and they were given in earnest, too. Mr. D. appeared as the People's Lawyer, in the piece of that name.

Mitchell, in his little bandbox of a theatre, where Holland, Walcot, Mary Gannon, and a host of other actors and actresses peformed to delighted audiences, never worked harder than Mrs. John Wood does to secure the favor of the public. Every week something new is offered. Novelty succeeds novelty, and the orchestra, under the able leadership of Thos. Baker, seems to discourse sweeter music every time we pay the Olympic a visit. The latest production is a pleasing comedietta in two acts by J. Palgrave Simpson, entitled "Court Cards." The plot of the play is simply this:—The Dowager Duchess of Altenfels (Mrs. G. H. Gilbert), a sort of she-dragon, having made up her mind, determines that Prince Max (Mr. Ringold) shall marry Princess Amelia (Miss Irving). The Prince does not love the Princess, and the Princess does not love the Prince, but both love somebody else. The Princess, to save herself, declares that she is already married, and is at once confined in a neighboring tower until she reveals the name of her husband. The Prince, through the means of Baron Von Babbelberg (Mr. J. H. Stoddart), obtains an interview with the object of his attachment, Hermine Von Waldeck, a lady of honor (Miss Newton). This interview is interrupted by the Duchess, who, being in search of Conrad Von Rosenthal, lieutenant in the Guards (Mr. Mortimer), orders the apartment to be searched. By-the-bye, the Princess, in her morning walk, had rested at the cabin of this soldier, and he, led on by her superior loveliness, had deserted his post and followed her to the palace. The apartment is searched, and the young man, who has only come to visit his cousin Hermine, is found. Protestations are in vain—the Prince declares his love—the young man and his cousin are ordered to marry, which winds down the curtain on the first act. In the second act is shown a room in the donjon tower, where the Princess is confined. Knights smile grimly upon you from beneath their heavy helmets, and in the fireplace, large enough to roast an ox, a cheerful fire burns in such a way that you are led to believe that you can hear the crackling of the wood. Most all stage fires are humbugs, but there is none in this. The Princess is disconsolate. In comes Hermine, and tells her of the intended marriage. The Princess determines to save her. In comes the Prince to find out the name of her husband. The Princess informs him, under promise of secrecy, that her lord's name is Conrad Von Rosenthal, and the Prince and Hermine are reconciled. In comes the Duchess in search of the lieutenant, who has escaped from the room in which he was placed, and is supposed to be wandering over the roof. The Duchess leaves, taking with her everyone except the Baron, who promises to effect the escape of the Princess by means of a secret door if she will only proclaim him as her husband. In comes Conrad through the window, who beholds the idol of his heart, and reveals his love. The Princess consents that he shall pass for her husband in public, and in an interview with the Prince and her lady of honor introduces him as such. The entrance of the Baron through the secret door is immediately followed by that of the Duchess, and in the dark the Princess manages to place the latter in a ridiculous position, for the Baron, at first through mistake and afterwards through choice, makes love to her. The Princess comes forward, and promises to reveal nothing if the Duchess will give her consent to the marriage of the Prince and herself to the ones they like best. The consent is given. Everyone is made happy, and the play is over. The comedietta is well written, and is splendidly put upon the stage. All the actors and actresses who took part in it deserve praise for the able manner in which they represented the characters assigned them. The love scene between Mr. Mortimer and Miss Irving, in the last act, is particularly worthy of notice. Engaged lovers, who of course know all about the matter, have informed us that it is very natural. Take it all in all, there are few plays which afford more satisfaction than "Court Cards."

Dear Old Friend! have you forgotten the old Chatham Street Theatre? Have you forgotten the dramas, with their bloodthirsty heroes that made every hair stand up on end, "like goose-quills upon the fretful porcupine?" Well do we remember the dying days of Kirby and the drolleries of Mose and his romantic wanderings in the Celestial Empire. A change came o'er the spirit of the scene. The days of "The Chatham" were numbered, and the building, where once the regular drama attracted a host of admirers, became, in after years, devoted to the concert-hall business. The walls that once shook with shouts of laughter re-echoed with the loud demands for whiskey punches and segars. Smoke, in fleecy clouds, ascended to the roof, and kisses, sighs, and popping of champagne corks could be heard above the din of the orchestra. Pretty waiter-girls, with merry smiles that drew the "chink" from unsuspecting youths, rushed up and down the stairs, and bore the steaming beverage to the thirsty multitude. Another theatre on the east side of the town has, in like manner, undergone a transformation. The old Stadt Theatre, where German actors once spoke the German language to German audiences, has been re-christened with the title of "Varieties." Schiller and Goethe have given place to a series of light and amusing entertainments. Hermann & Co., the proprietors, leave nothing undone to secure the comfort of their guests, and to enable them to spend a pleasant evening. Graceful dancing attracts the eye, charming singing delights the ear, and excellent music soothes the nerves. When this is done, what more can you ask for? "Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said," "this is the spot where I can spend a quiet hour with a friend, and watch the dancing of the girls with raven locks and glossy curls?" Those who believe that "variety is the spice of life" should not hesitate to enroll themselves among the patrons of 37 and 39 Bowery.

Here's a good thing we have just got off at our Jim. We know it's good, because he laughed at it after we had explained it to him a little. Why is the gentlemanly and indefatigable manager of the Bohemian Glass Blowers—now giving such pleasing exhibitions every evening, and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, at Hope Chapel—like an ungentlemanly and indefatigably belligerent supporter of Fernando Wood in his political aspirations and appeals to his constituency for their suffrages to enable him to go to Congress, but which they couldn't see it? Because he's a Woodruffe (Wood rough). Neat, isn't it?

Carriages conveying passengers to see Artemus Ward will please set them down with their faces east, and take 'em up with their faces west, in order that they may see just where they are going. Artemus seems to have got himself into a corner at Dodworth's Hall, but it is a corner wherein and whereby he amasseth a goodly portion of the flimseys, under anything else but a flimsy pretext. To the humble spectator let us say with the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape" lafture if thou visitests Artemus Ward's Mormon Show.

Campbell's Minstrels, through one of their number, have been doing an act which they call "Harmoniconbanjotamborinedrumbellidum;" we *believe* it's all there, but we have had a terrible spell in getting it there. Well, the—the thing is well done, and exacts the loudest applause from those who have witnessed and heard it. Davis and Budworth, the end men, have also appeared in some new acts, which evoked uncontrollable laughter. In fact, these east side minstrels are a right jovial party, shooting folly as it flies, making local hits, which amuse but never offend, and vocalize and instrumentalize in a most entertaining manner.

Margaret Mitchell, with her merry Cricket, has, much to our probable surprise and regret, departed from Niblo's Garden, having closed her performances there on the 19th. She did well, did Maggie, drawing a succession of large audiences to see her little Fanchon...... This evening, 21st, will be produced that thrilling drama called "The Corsican Brothers," with all the curious effects, etc., and introducing a grand masquerade scene, which must be seen to be enjoyed. The Corsican Brothers were a pair of gentlemen who were much like unto each other, and whose strange appearances under strange circumstances made them the talk of the town of Corsica, where they are supposed to have originated. Manager Wheatley will appear as the "pair of twins," and we believe he will do the parts double justice. There will be a grand turn out in the masquerade, a double *ballet* and an extra *corps* of efficient supernumeraries having been engaged to give *eclat* to the scene.

Do you desire to be initiated into the mysteries of how to "walk around" in a scientific and artistic manner? John Bogan will learn you. John Bogan will learn you how to jig it, how to fling it, and how to cut the pigeon wing, or come the double shuffle. John Bogan teaches the art of dancing in all its phases, cheap for cash, and he lives at No. 148 East Houston street. Step up and see John Bogan.

Those feeling bumpists, Messrs. Fowler & Wells, have their Museum open, free, day and evening. Much may be seen there, and a great deal learned. If you have doubts concerning your own good or bad character, our phrenological friends will set you right in very short order. All are treated alike at this free Museum, and bad characters as well as good ones are admitted. The Fowler & Wells Museum is at No. 389 Broadway.

Mr. W. H. Fry, the composer and critic, sailed for St. Thomas on the 16th inst. Mr. Fry's health has been in a precarious condition for several years, and it is to be hoped that his recovery may be rapid and permanent.

Manager Wood, of Minstrel renown, is determined to constantly introduce novelty at his establishment. We understand that he is at present engaged arranging the roof of his building for a grand Balloon Ascension on Thanksgiving Day, with Penny and Goldie in gymnastic exercises on the trapeze, &c.

Manager Platt has secured the services of the popular Stickney Family for his principal stars this week at the Hippotheatron. The comic pantomime of "Le Statue Blanche" will be given by the *corps* of pantomimists engaged at this house. Also a new comic act, arranged by M. Francois Siegrist, entitled the "Clown's Carnival."

Oscanyan, the Turkish Lecturer, has taken a hall on Broadway, which he is fitting up for his Oriental lectures.

Julius Cæsar is the piece to be played at the Winter Garden on the 25th inst., for the benefit of the Shakespeare Monument Fund. Besides the regular company, the following well-known artistes will appear. Edwin Booth as Brutus, Junius Brutus Booth as Cassius, John Wilkes Booth as Marc Antony, E. Varrey as Julius Cæsar, and C. Kemble Mason as Carca. This will prove one of the greatest theatrical events of the season. To witness such a performance as this will be—of one of Shakespeare's masterpieces, and with the three Booths in the cast—is truly a big thing in these days of sensation dramas.

A Meeting of professionals was held at the La Farge House on the 18th, to take some measures for the relief of Mr. Charles Peters, who was injured, some time since, by being run over by a city railroad car, and prevented from appearing on the stage. A committee was appointed, and, if the Academy of Music can be had, a benefit will shortly come off.

Irving Hall was well attended on the evening of the 19th inst., to listen to the dulcet notes, both instrumental and vocal, issued by the artists who assisted Alfred H. Pease in his first grand concert. A well selected and well executed programme was given, in which Signor Gariboldi (his first appearance in New York) and Miss Kellogg were evidently the favorites—being favored with double and triple *encores*. The signor, we apprehend, will become a favorite with the musical connoisseurs of Gotham.

Tom Briggs offers to teach parties burlesque dancing in every style, including the original Essence. See his card elsewhere.

Mr. J. H. Clifford, of Campbell's Minstrels, is prepared to teach clog and jig dancing. See his advertisement elsewhere.

A Grand Matinee will be given by Wood's Minstrels on Thanksgiving afternoon.

Charles Pope plays in the "Corsican Brothers," at Niblo's, for a couple of weeks, and then appears in the German drama, at the New Stadt Theatre, in a round of characters with Madame Methua Scheller, after which those two artists will start out on a starring tour, with T. B. De Walden as their business manager—a capital party, artistically and managerically.

The cast of the "Poor Gentleman," now on at the Broadway, is as follows:—Dr. Ollapod, John Owens; Sir Robert Bramble, De Groot; Framble, A. H. Davenport; Sir Charles, F. Maeder; Lieut. Worthington, Metkiff; Humphrey Dobbin, Tom Owens; Corporal Foss, Sol. Smith, Jr.; Lucretia McTabb, Mrs. Hind; Emily Worthington, Alice Placide. The original epilogue will be spoken.

What with uncomfortable weather, change of opera owing to indisposition of singers, etc., Maretzek has not had lively or appreciative audiences at the Academy since our last, and he has not slept well in consequence. The weather *was* rather rough, last week, for the delicate organs of our opera singers, and in this instance they are excusable for being sick.

Charles Dobson, teacher of the banjo, gives a concert at the Cooper Institute on December 5th, assisted by a host of artists.

## Dramatic.

The Menken waxeth fat in the land of Dukes and Dukesses; yea, she even basketh in the sunshine of royalty. Astley's, where Menken and Mazeppa hold full sway, is still the great centre of attraction for sight-seers, the immense auditorium being nightly filled with old and young, their royal nibs, and those of less degree. Among the celebrities who had attended the Menken's performances up to last advices, were His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, with the Duchess of Sefton, and *suite*, who congratulated the lovely Adah; the Earl of Cadogan and family; His Grace the Duke of Hamilton; Lord and Lady Lincoln were also among the noble visitors; the three latter visited her after the first act. Our friends should be told that it is the custom in England for the nobility and other distinguished people to visit favorite actors and actresses in their reception room during the plays, if they are particularly pleased, and desire to congratulate the *artiste*. Many distinguished and noble people have so visited the Menken, with ladies, if any accompanied them to the theatre. As the Duke of Cambridge always precedes the Prince of Wales in visiting public amusements, it is expected that the Prince and Princess will attend Astley's on their return to England, for which occasion Manager Smith will have a box fitted up in grandeur to receive them. A copy of the notices of the press on Miss Menken's success in London is to be printed on white satin, and bound in purple velvet, which the Duke of Hamilton has promised to present to the Prince. Truly, the Menken is riding a high horse besides the one she uses in "Mazeppa."

Rouse's Dramatic Company are in the third month of their stay at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa. The company, as at present organized, consists of Messrs. W. H. Meeker, J. F. Crossen, N. H. Holt, A. D. Billings, Alex. Fisher, W. A. Rouse, A. McAuley, and F. J. Tucker; Mrs. Rainford, Misses Fanny Denham, Nellie Sprague, Jenny Wilton, Minnie Rainford, Charlotte Rainford, Clara Rainford and Millie Winans. Sam Hemple, from the Walnut, Philadelphia, commenced a star engagement on the 14th, appearing as Bonassus in "Victorine," and Ginger Blue in "The Mummy."

The Augusta Opera House continues to flourish under the management of Mr. S. E. Browne, assisted by Mr. E. Beattie, as stage manager. During the past week, Mr. Browne has appeared as Don Cæzar de Bazan, supported by Messrs. Nelson, Beattie, Watson, Bradley, Walton, Miss Holmes, Miss Spear, Miss Carrie Day, &c. The piece has been a decided success. On Wednesday evening, Miss Marie Boniface was to have appeared as Jack Sheppard, but at the last moment, after having been underlined for nearly two weeks, a despatch was received by Mr. Browne announcing her severe indisposition, which will prevent her appearance on the stage for some time to come. At the last moment, in order to prevent disappointment, Mr. Browne assumed the character of Jack. A chambermaid can hear of a good situation. See advertisement.

The Drama certainly seems to be making rapid strides in popular favor, for new theatres are being erected and old halls altered into dramatic temples all over the country. Towns which a few years ago were scarcely thought of in connection with dramatic affairs now have their regular theatres or halls of amusement, with permanent companies, and occasionally prominent stars, with which to entertain our provincial friends. It is astonishing how popular amusements of all kinds have become within the past five years. Theatres have multiplied so fast that it is almost impossible to engage enough good performers to keep them going. Stars have also increased, and some who are now getting their one hundred dollars per night, used to tread the boards as stock people for very little more than one hundred cents. Capitalists even have turned their attention to theatrical property, and they find it a paying investment. A well-managed, comfortable theatre or music hall is almost equal to a little gold mine or oil well. Nearly every place of amusement, and nearly every company is doing well; money is abundant, the people spend it freely, and so long as our in-door amusements are properly conducted they will be sure of liberal patronage.

Yankee Locke will give our Davenport brothers a taste of his abilities as a Yankee comedian this week, as he opens at the Davenport, Iowa, Theatre, on the 21st inst.

Alderman Welding gave his decision in the case of Sherry vs. Sinn, in Philadelphia, on the 14th. He decided that the charge of intoxication was not clearly made out, and that the manager must pay Sherry the sum of $30 for one week's salary. We presume the manager will look upon the decision as a sinful proceeding, and have nothing more to do with Sherry.

The Binghampton (N. Y.) Academy of Music is so far completed that George Coon, the proprietor, has announced the opening for the 19th of December. To stars wishing engagements, Coon will come down liberally. We congratulate the Binghamptoners on the completion of their Academy, and it is to be hoped that they will see that it is well supported.

F. J. Wildman is managing the Metropolitan Theatre at Davenport, Iowa. Wildman is a mild-mannered man, of persuasive eloquence, and treats with stars who wish to make the acquaintance of the Iowa-ans.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., business is reported as having been excellent, during the past two weeks, with the stock company, and W. W. Pratt's play of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" as having been the hit of the season. It was played a week to crowded houses, and taken off to make room for Mrs. Page, who is to open in "Fantine" on the 21st. Mr. Loveday's benefit, on the 14th, attracted a full house, as did also Mr. Coon's on the 16th, when he produced "High Life in Rochester," or, "Married Life," with C. Loveday as Mr. Younghusband, Kate Ryner as Mrs. Younghusband, Mr. Wilkinson and Lillie Marden as Mr. and Mrs. Dove, and Mr. W. W. Pratt and Mrs. Rachel Canton as the Two Coddles. By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that Mr. Pratt, of this establishment, advertises his sensation dramas, which have been so successful, for sale.

John E. McDonough opened at Ford's Washington Theatre last week, with the spectacle of "The Seven Sisters," Miss Lotta, the California actress, appearing as Tartarine. Her dances and banjo-solos nightly elicited the most rapturous applause. McDonough as Mrs. Pluto, Bishop as the Contraband, and Phillips as Mr. Pluto, kept up the humor of the piece, and the Russian polka, by Jennie Gourley and Mrs. Evans, the Zouave march and drill, the spirit-stirring song, "Rally Round the Flag," constituted a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

A Benefit for the Newsboys' Home came off at Grover's Washington Theatre on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19th. The Wallack-Davenport Combination volunteered and appeared on the occasion.

Mr. J. W. Wallack, of the Wallack-Davenport Combination, took a benefit on the 18th inst. at Grover's Washington Theatre.

John E. McCollough continued the star last week at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y. On the 15th he appeared as Pythias in "Daymon and Pythias," and on the 16th as Wildrake in "Love Chase." The press of that city is loud in its praise of this rising young actor.

Miss Catharine Selden has been preparing herself for a tour of the States. She has, it is said, many new and original plays of great merit.

J. E. Hartell will please send his address to J. H. Reynolds, Washington, D. C.

The Springfield, Illinois, Theatre opened on the 5th November, under the management of T. P. Varny. Notwithstanding the inauspicious weather, and the Election excitement, business was fair the first week. A selection of good pieces have been produced. "Still Waters Run Deep" attracted two good audiences. A correspondent says: The manager as John Mildmay was excellent; and J. F. Breyer, as Capt. Hawksley, was all that could be desired. Miss Breslaw, looked and played Mrs. Mildmay very well. Miss Madalane, as Mrs. Sternhold, did justice to the part; and McNeely, as old Potter kept up hearty laughter. The theatre is likely to meet with a well deserved success.

Mr. G. C. Charles was at the Alexandria, Va., Theatre, last week. His benefit and last appearance was announced to come off on the 18th inst.

Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., was occupied last week by a dramatic company under the management of Wm. D. Van Arnum. The company consists of Messrs. E. T. Stetson, C. Nichols, L. H. Everett, W. A. Mestayer, J. Delmer, F. H. Nelson, H. Forrest, T. J. Herndon, J. W. Cline, Miss Alfy Chippendale, Miss Heath, Miss Isadora Cameron, Miss Marie Wilkins, Mrs. S. Smith and Miss E. T. Stetson. On the 16th, Mr. T. G. Riggs appeared as Tim O'Brien in the "Irish Emigrant."

Miss Martha Wren, formerly one of the lights of the Wren Family, appeared at Grover's Theatre, Washington, last week, as Oliver Twist in the piece of that name.

Theatricals in Washington have lately assumed a more flourishing condition than has yet been seen in that locality this season. One of the Clipper *corps*, now in that city, says:—"I dropped in at Ford's New Theatre, on the 14th inst., on which occasion the 'Seven Sisters' was presented for the first time, and it was also the first appearance of Mr. McDonough. Miss Lotta was also one of the attractive cards played by Manager Ford on this occasion, and Mr. Bishop, another comedian, was a trump on hand. The house was crowded, what it had not been for the previous two weeks. Where I sat I could not see well, the back seats of the upper tier being too low. This should be remedied at once. The performance was decidedly provincial in character, with the exception of McDonough and Bishop, the former being successful in his burlesque efforts, and the latter very happy as 'Cuffy,' a representative contraband, whose wit and humor contributes greatly to the success of the piece. The local allusions are pointed and witty, and frequently brought down the house. Miss Lotta's efforts pleased the majority. Her style of dancing is decidedly unique; in fact, what with her banjo performances and her Virginia break-down-style of tripping the light fantastic toe, she put me in mind of some of the members of a female troupe of minstrels I once saw in the metropolis. She was in 'bad luck,' as the saying is, the night in question; her banjo broke-down, she had a bad cold, and her and the orchestral arrangements did not harmonize together. She said she was 'so sorry,' and so the audience forgave her failures...... On the 15th I dropped in at Grover's, to see E. L. Davenport and Wallack in 'Hamlet.' The attendance was first-class, both in character and numbers; in fact, Grover has been doing a good business. The performance, as a whole, was good; the features, of course, being the acting of Davenport and Wallack, McCullom, also, affording material assistance. Among the company I noticed Curran, lately of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and young Murdock, too. Miss Denin enacted the Queen. The theatre presents quite an attractive appearance inside. It will comfortably seat about 2,500 people, and is well arranged. Shortly after the play commenced, who should enter the private box on the right hand side but the President, accompanied by General Hunter and his wife. The illustrious Abraham modestly 'took a back seat,' and though it was soon known that he was present, not the slightest demonstration was made. He seemed quite interested in the play from the beginning, and sat attentive to the performances, leaning his chin on his hand. When, in the fourth act, however, the grave digger came out and began to philosophize on the subject of his occupation, Uncle Abraham scented a joke on the air, and forthwith his countenance brightened. As the scene progressed, and Hamlet came on and began to argue with the grave digger, Abraham smiled frequently, in appreciation of the wit of the dialogue. I could not help thinking of the caricature Strong has in his window, in Nassau street, at the time, wherein McClellan, as Hamlet, is represented as having Lincoln's head in his hand in place of Yorick's skull; and as Hamlet exclaims—'a fellow of infinite jest, Horatio,' I thought I saw Uncle Abe laugh, as if he had seen the aforesaid picture before. At any rate some others in the house had, from their evident enjoyment of this portion of the play. The President is quite a patron of the drama, and especially affects Shakespeare. By the way, Grover has managed to get together one of the best orchestras out of New York.

McKean Buchanan and daughter are at the Cleveland Athenæum this week.

At the Opera House, Columbus, O., Vestvali is billed for this week. Manager McFarland has taken the establishment for the fall and winter season. The company consists of the following: Josephine Tyson, Jessie McFarland, Annie Sheffield, Ada Murray, Mrs. Bosworth, Miss Rollins, La Petite Jessie, Mr. F. L. Kent, W. S. Forrest, A. McFarland, E. W. Acker, C. F. Hall, E. V. Gregory, G. Beach, J. L. Murray, F. Bosworth, F. B Harris, C. Ross, W. H. Hooper, A. W. Morgan, Master Walter, W. Porter, artist; Jack Roberts, property maker; C. W. Mitchell, costumer; and S. McFarland, machinist.

Major Pauline Cushman was the recipient of a benefit on the 11th inst., at the Pittsburgh Theatre. "His Last Legs," and "Barney the Baron," were the pieces offered for the occasion. Mr. J. M. Ward sustained the two principle characters of Felix O'Callahan and Barney. She also gave a brief account of her adventure while in the secret service of the United States, appearing in full major's uniform, and speaking for about three quarters of an hour.

McKean Buchanan and his daughter, Miss Virginia, made their appearance at the Pittsburgh Theatre, on the 14th inst., to an overflowing house, opening in "London Assurance." On the 15th "Macbeth" was produced to a good, though not so crowded a house as greeted them on the 14th. Our correspondent "Idaho" says: "On the 16th Schiller's "Robbers" was played. The piece was admirably acted, and elicited the heartiest applause. The Francis De Moor of Mr. James Dickson was truly an excellent piece of acting, and deserves especial praise. On the 17th, "Hamlet" was done up in good style, as Mr. Buchanan is supposed to have no equal in the rendition of this difficult part. The new domestic drama of "Waiting for the Verdict" is underlined.

Of Baltimore theatricals we are thus advised by our regular correspondent "Occasional": "The great sensational drama of 'Waiting for the Verdict' had a very successful run at the Holliday St. Theatre, last week, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gomersal sustaining the principal comic characters of Blinkey Brown and Sarah Sayer. They were ably supported by Messrs. Wheelock, Coggswell and Matthews, of Manager Ford's Washington Company, assisted by Miss Alice Gray and the other members of the Holliday company. On the evening of the 14th inst, Major General Burnside was present *incog*, but was soon recognized by a number of persons who quickly spread the intelligence, some person proposing three cheers for the General, which were given with a will...... This week, Grover's German Opera Company takes possession of the house and gives us an operatic season of ten nights. ...... 'Waiting for the Verdict' was produced at the Front Street Theatre last week, in a very creditable manner, Dan Setchell personating the character of Blinkey Brown, and was greeted with round after round of applause each night, his 'there's nothing like it' being especially applauded. Mr. O. B. Doud as Jona'han Roseblade added infinitely to the high reputation in which he is held in this city, and was warmly applauded. The rest of the characters were ably supported...... Mr. Frank Drew makes his appearance in this city shortly."

The Athenæum, Detroit, under the management of G. A. Hough, is doing a good business. A correspondent "Pluto," writing on the 16th, says: "'Fantine' was produced on the 14th, with Augusta Page in the title *role*. To-night it will be repeated, and to-morrow we are to have a new version of the great sensational drama of 'East Lynne.' Mrs. Page leaves here this week for Rochester, where she opens on the 21st inst. in 'Fantine.' She will be accompanied by Mr. James Matthews, who prompts the piece...... The Varieties Theatre is doing a good business, thanks to its enterprising proprietor, Mr. Welch, and its energetic stage manager, Mr. O. W. Blake. The latter, I learn, takes a benefit on the 18th inst...... Mr. Jim Campbell leaves here to-night for New York."

McKean Buchanan and daughter are spoken of by the Pittsburgh (Pa.) press in this style, which is "very muchly" in their favor:—

"Those eminent artists, Mr. and Miss Buchanan, have produced the greatest theatrical enthusiasm in our city, and are attracting large audiences. On Monday and last night the theatre was crowded with the beauty, fashion and intelligence of the city, who were delighted with their admirable performances. The rush for seats is so great that the box plan is filling up rapidly for Friday and Saturday."—*Commercial, Nov. 16.*

"Mr. and Miss Buchanan are attracting immense audiences, composed of the elite and fashion of our city. Their acting is chaste, finished and forcible, proving to us conclusively, that in England, Australia and America they had a right to the title of being among the great artists of the age."—*Gazette, Nov. 16.*

"The extraordinary success which greets Mr. and Miss Buchanan in our city is a just tribute to their great talent and unquestionable artistic ability. Crowds of the most intelligent and refined of our citizens are improving the limited opportunity of seeing the great artists. We have never seen in our theatre more enthusiastic or more fashionable audiences."—*Post, Nov. 16.*

"This evening the great tragedian, McKean Buchanan, and his beautiful and accomplished daughter, who have produced such an excitement in the fashionable circles of our city, will appear in a new and original version of 'The Robbers, or the Parricide's Doom.' Their acting is the theme of enthusiastic admiration, and seats are being taken for every night of their engagement.

*Dispatch, Nov. 16.*

The New Columbus (Ohio) Opera House is thus described by a correspondent:—"The building fronts two hundred feet in High street, with a depth of one hundred and sixty feet, is four stories high, with a splendid front of freestone marble. The first story is occupied as seven large and elegant storerooms, the Opera House proper being on the second story, which is reached by two large and easy stairways, each being twelve feet in width. The auditorium is one of the finest in the western country, and will seat comfortably fifteen hundred persons. The walls and ceiling are most beautifully frescoed and decorated, and the seats are really handsome, commodious and comfortable, the dress circle and second tier being cushioned and lined with scarlet damask. The parquet is seated with three hundred arm-chairs, with cane seats. There are four large and commodious stage boxes, fitted up in splendid style. The boxes and circle are beautifully decorated with papier mache ornaments, figures, etc., the whole being lighted, in the daytime, by a stained glass skylight just over the dome, in the centre of the auditorium, and at night with two hundred and fifty gas burners. The stage is fitted up in superb order, the scenery, drop curtain, etc., being painted by the celebrated artist, Mr. Wm. Porter, who is at present engaged in painting a number of new scenes, which will rank among the first of similar works by Mr. P. The building is heated throughout with steam. The house was inaugurated about the middle of September by the Italian Opera Troupe of associated artists, comprising Madame Whiting, Testa, Stockton; Signors Amodio, Steffani, Testa, with a full and efficient chorus and orchestra.

The Philadelphia Theatres did a good business last week. "Lucifer," our "regular," sends us the following budget for this week's Clipper: "At the Walnut, Miss Lucille Western opened in 'Leah, the Forsaken,' Nov. 14th, to a good house; she played it four nights, and on the 18th, for her benefit, she performed, by permission, as the bills state, Miss Matilda Heron's 'Camille.' Miss Western's rendition of this character is not without much merit, but it is far inferior to Mrs. Bowers' performance of that *role*. J. A. Hern appeared as Armand, and performed the character very cleverly. The company at this house is not remarkable for perfection in the art of acting, but notwithstanding this fact, the piece went off smoothly. On the 21st, Miss Western will appear as Lady Isabel and Mad. Vine in her version of 'East Lynne.'...... At the Chestnut, Mrs. D. P. Bowers commenced the last week of her engagement Nov. 14th, as Lady Audley, in a dramatization of the popular novel by Mrs. Wood. The piece was tolerably well done, but was withdrawn on the 16th, to give place to 'East Lynne,' in which Mrs. Bowers was so successful the first part of her engagement. On the 18th, for Mrs. Bowers' farewell benefit, she appeared as Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons.' Mr. Mordaunt as Claude was very good, though sometimes too brusque; Mr. Flood as Beauseant, and Mr. Ward as Glavis, were but indifferent; the rest of the cast was well sustained by the company. Mrs. Bowers bid us adieu as 'Camille,' in which she stands without a rival. On the 21st, the drama of 'Pauvrette' will be produced, Miss Germon appearing as Pauvrette. Mr. H. S. Murdock made his first appearance at this theatre as Frank Fathom in 'A Kiss in the Dark,' on Saturday, the 19th inst., and he made a favorable impression...... Barney Williams and wife have been crowding the Arch Street Theatre, producing nothing new. Stuart Robson has appeared during the week in the new farce of 'Jones' Baby,' and also as Jerry Ominous in 'A Thumping Legacy,' in both of which he was very funny. On the 21st inst., the drama of 'The Lakes of Killarney' will be produced...... Grovers' Opera Company have been doing an immense business at the Academy of Music. Such a series of crowded houses never before have assembled in the Academy to witness Operatic performances. They performed 'Martha,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Fidelio,' 'Stradella,' 'Faust' as a matinee, and the first two acts of Gounod's new Opera of 'Mirella.'...... Forrest appears here on the 21st, as 'Coriolanus,' supported by Mad. Ponisi, John McCullough, Miss Alice Gray, and Ford's company from Washington.

The Seven Sisters, as performed at Ford's Washington Theatre last week, was well spoken of by the press of that city. The *Intelligencer* says:—The great feature of the play is the charming little actress, Miss Lotta, the California Diamond, as she is styled; there is a charming *naivete* and *abandon* about her that holds her auditors spell-bound with delight. Her dancing and the rendition of her character calls forth loud and repeated plaudits."

Miss Fanny B. Price opens at Elmira, N. Y. on the 21st inst. The lady's engagement there is for two weeks.

For Colonel Wood's Museum, Chicago, a good walking gentleman and one to play second heavies are wanted. See A. D. Bradley's card in our advertising columns.

Miss Mary Provost appeared at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th, but through serious illness was prevented from playing longer, being confined to her room throughout the week. Her next point is Louisville, thence St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans.

Felix A. Vincent and Mollie Williams, having concluded a brilliant three weeks' engagement at the New Bowery Theatre, New York, are performing this week in Hartford and New Haven. On the 5th of December they commence an engagement at Syracuse, N. Y.

The New Theatre, Fort Wayne, Ind., is the *rendezvous* appointed by Manager Plunkett for his dramatic company to assemble for rehearsal on Dec. 1st. See his notice to that effect in our advertising columns.

Dan Setchell was to make his first appearance at the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, on the 21st inst., in "Dombey and Son" and "A Regular Fix."...... On the 28th, McDonough appears as Mrs. Pluto, and Miss Lotta as Tartarine, in the Seven Sisters. These stars are the attraction for two weeks, when Miss Helen Western will commence a twelve nights' engagement. So says our correspondent, "Thespian."

Frank Drew is the star this week at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, opening on the 21st, as Solon Shingle in "The People's Lawyer," and the burlesque of "Camille."

The Cleveland Athenæum is at present doing a good business under the management of Mr. John Ellsler. Helen Western closed a good engagement there on the 18th, and on the 19th inst, Mr. James Lewis, the low comedian, took a benefit. This gentleman is said to be a very fine comedian, and one of the best out of New York. Mr. Bush has "withdrawn" from the treasuryship of this theatre, and Mr. Richard Geary is his successor. The charge is said to be for the best.

At Kate Fisher's Theatre, Newark, N. J., business has been from fair to first-rate during the past week, the Octoroon and Corsican Brothers having been the programme. The former piece was well cast. Miss Kate Fisher personated Zoe, C. W. Clarke appeared as Salem Scudder and W. Davidge, Jr., as Pete, was quite clever. He bids fair to become "a chip off the old block." This week, we are informed, Miss Jennie Parker is to aid and assist, and a pretty young lady from the Modern Athens is to make her *debut*. Miss Fisher is being well patronized by the citizens of Newark, and her popularity is on the increase, but we think that a more frequent change in the programme would prove beneficial, as Newark, being so near New York, cannot stand too much of one thing, even if it be good.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, supported by E. L. Davenport and Mr. Jarrett's full *corps dramatique* commences an engagement at the Boston Theatre, on the 24th inst, opening in "Lady Audley's Secret."

Mrs. E. L. Davenport takes a benefit on the 2d of December at the Boston Museum.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence play three more nights this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, closing there on the 23d. During the engagement of these artists the attendance has been on several occasions very large.

Helen Western commences a brief engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 24th inst.

J. S. Clarke is to be the next star at the Arch, Philadelphia, succeeding Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, on the 28th inst. The last named stars have produced nothing new during this engagement.

"Pauvrette," a sort of sensation show drama, is the card at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia. Manager Sinn should reinforce his company at the Chestnut, for with the exception of three or four performers, those at present engaged there are of very light calibre; if anything, they are worse than those at the Walnut.

A correspondent in Detroit who seems to be pretty well posted as to the show news in that city, sends us the following items:—"The present season of the Detroit Athenæum, under the management of G. A. Hough, opened on the 29th of September, and so far has met with every success in the way of crowded houses and a corresponding flourishing exchequer. The company is composed of the following:—Claude Hamilton, leading; J. R. Healy, heavy; Jas. DeForrest, juvenile and stage manager; F. Bock, old man; Harry Jordan, comedy; E. M. Day, walking gentleman; Jas. Matthews, prompter, and Messrs. Maxwell, Nelson, Weisman, Wiggins, and Russell, utility; Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer, leading lady; Mrs. Augusta Page, juvenile; Mrs. Hamilton (late Hattie Bernard), comedienne; Miss Lena Prentice, walking lady; Mrs. Hattie Ashmer, second chambermaid; Mrs. Healy, old woman, and Miss Florence, Mrs. De Forrest and Miss Ballard, utility. The company, as a whole, is exceedingly good, and, as a general rule, the pieces represented have been excellently acted throughout. Manager Hough seems to ignore 'stars,' and to depend upon his efficient stock to satisfy all the theatric requirements of this city, and, judging from his success so far, he has not erred in judgment. Mr. Albaugh and Miss Mary Mitchell are the only stars who have appeared at the Athenæum this season. During their engagement, a new piece, written by Mr. C. Barton Hill, entitled, 'Manon Lescant,' was produced for the first time in any theatre. It possessed much merit, but was too long and windy, and though acted well throughout, requires much pruning and condensing before it will be very successful. The second week of the season was produced a new play, by Mr. B. C. Howard, of this city, dramatized from the first book of Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables,' and entitled 'Fantine; or, a Mother's Love.' It was very successful, drawing crowded houses for successive nights, people often being turned from the door for want of room. It was repeated three nights last week, somewhat improved by judicious alterations and additions, and proved as good a card as at first, all who were desirous of seeing it not being able to gain admission. It was withdrawn after the third night, as Mrs. Page (for whom it was written, and who represented the heroine), was obliged to leave for Rochester, where she had made arrangements to bring it out. Mr. Matthews, prompter of the Athenæum, accompanied Mrs. Page, for the purpose of directing the piece. 'East Lynne' was produced here on the 17th inst., for the first time in the Athenæum, the cast being as follows:—Archibald Carlyle, Mr. Claude Hamilton; Lord Mount Severn, Mr. F. Bock; Sir Francis Levison, Mr. De Forrest; Richard Hare, Mr. E. M. Day; Dill, Mr. Weisman; Justice Hare, Mr. Maxwell; Officer, Mr. Russell; William, Lizzie Gatland; Lady Isabel, Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer; Barbara Hare, Miss Lena Prentice; Miss Cornelia, Mrs. Healy; Joice, Miss Florence; Wilson, Mrs. De Forest; Susanne, Miss Bullard. Owing to the illness of three members of the company, this is not exactly the proper cast, but the piece went off well, and will no doubt be much improved upon during the succeeding nights of its representation. On the 21st. inst. will be produced the 'Ticket of Leave Man,' which is now in rehearsal, and which it is intended to get up in a most complete manner. You are probably aware that the Athenæum is one of the neatest little temples of the drama in the country, and the Detroit people are justly proud of it, and seem determined that it shall not fail for lack of an adequate encouragement. I omitted to say, in the proper place, that a new version of the 'Poor Girl' had been brought out here, making three entirely new five act pieces produced here already. It was a decided success, although, like 'Manon Lescant,' being rather long.

The Equestrian Dramatic Troupe, consisting of Kate Raymond, O. B. Collins, Winnie Demont and H. B. Gates' trained mare Black Bess is at liberty to engage with managers of theatres for the production of sensation dramas, such as "Mazeppa," "El Hyder," etc. Managers desiring the services of this troupe for two or more weeks, will find the advertisement of this troupe, with all particulars, in another column.

The Grand Rapids Theatre, Mich,, has been doing a good business of late. Manager Sam Rainforth advertises in this issue of the Clipper for several people. See his card in another column.

Miss Avonia Jones is causing quite an excitement in the western and southern cities by her performance of "Leah, the Forsaken," and "Gamea, the Jewish Mother."

## Music Halls.

The National Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., is doing a good business, and good performers will do well by applying immediately. For particulars, see advertisement in another column. The following array of talent is now at the National: J. S. Berry, Oscar Willis, Frank Steele, Master Johnny, Fred Sigel, J. Bowman, Miss Louise Evans, Adella St. Clair, Emma Sigel, Ella Forrest, Mary A'Becket, Bertha Loraine, Mattie Harris, Lizzie Wells, and Emma Clark.

The Oxford Hall of Music, Washington, D. C., after two months of extraordinary hard work, has at length got the machinery in motion, and opened on the 14th inst. The alterations have been of a very extensive character, and have cost an immense amount of money, but the proprietors can congratulate themselves on now having one of the finest music-halls in the United States. The lower floor is all arm-chairs, and will seat comfortably 500 persons. The dress circle is very nicely fitted up, as are also the private boxes. The upper tier is devoted entirely to the colored folks. A new feature in this establishment is, having a first-class eating-bar, on the second tier, so that gentlemen will be able to get their oyster stews and other refreshments without going outside for them. The proprietors, Fox, Curran & Norris, are business men, and, no doubt, will meet with the success they deserve for their liberal expenditure.

At Fred. Aims' Melodeon, Pittsburgh, business has been exceedingly good since the election. Marietta and Master Winter Ravel are in the third week of their engagement. Denny Gallagher, the popular delineator of the essence of burnt cork, has returned.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, has an excellent company and is doing a good business. Tim Hayes was the recipient of a benefit last week, on which occasion the house was packed.

The Whettony Brothers are at present performing at the Athenæum, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Wray Sisters, vocalists, can be engaged through their agents, Lea & Conner. These bright Wrays will add brilliancy to any well organized *corps*.

Robert Fox appears to be going into the Music Hall business very extensively, for in addition to the Casino, Philadelphia, he is to manage the new Oxford Hall, in Washington, and a large place in Chicago. Next spring, we believe, he takes possession of the Continental, Philadelphia, one of the largest places of amusement in the country. Robert is a shrewd Fox.

Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, had a splendid run of business last week. Tony Pastor, the every where popular comic singer, took a farewell benefit on the 11th, on which occasion a few volunteers put in an appearance, among whom were the well known gymnasts John and Pete Conklin, and the comic singer, Sam Long. Tony appeared as Sam Johnson in the Ethiopian sketch of

"Oh! Hush!" Also in his great exposition of the Comic Muse. M'dile Augusta, Mons Tophoff and the ballet appeared in the ballet of "Dorina," and the entire company appeared in a melange of song, dance and gymnastic performances. The house was crowded.

Discriminating Audiences night after night witness the performances of the corps of performers engaged at the Canterbury, Washington. Last week, Kitty Fyffe, from the Old Bowery Theatre, commenced an engagement there; also A. J. Leavitt. The pantomime ballet of "Les Amours De Diable," arranged by Szo'losy, was produced, introducing full *Corps de ballet*. This week Mr. Lea introduces to his patrons the celebrated Melville Family, whose gymnastic performances are really wonderful. Mr. John Madigan is underlined for an early appearance. A Christmas pantomime is also in active rehearsal.

Cherry Belle, whose name is suggestive of sweet sounds, is now performing at the Melodeon, Baltimore. See her advertisement in another column.

Melodeon, Baltimore.—Miss Cherry Bell made her first appearance on the 14th, in "Don Juan." John M. Denier, and W. J. Thompson and his trained dogs have been engaged. John Mulligan took a benefit Nov. 18, and was well received.

Mad. Macart's Troupe opened at the Canterbury Hall, Annapolis, Md., on the 17th. Mons. Clarence, Fanny Chapman and Miss Viola Clifton have left the Baltimore Melodeon, and joined the above troupe.

Miss Agnes Sutherland concluded a four weeks' engagement at the Melodeon, Baltimore, on 19th inst.

The New Idea, Baltimore, is closed for repairs, and will shortly re-open.

Mast. Willie Diamond and M'lle Viola volunteered for John Mulligan's benefit at the Melodeon, Baltimore, on the 18th inst.

The Canterbury, Baltimore, had an exciting time of it last week. On the 18th, a challenge jig dance took place for a silver cup, between Mast. Willie Budd, attached to the company, and John Murray, a non-professional. Mast. Willie was declared the victor, and, of course, took the cup. The following ladies and gentlemen make their first appearance at this establishment this week: W. A. Wray, M'lle Delphine, jig danseuse, Miss Fanny Feraro, Mary Walton, and Kitty Fyffe.

At the National, Memphis, the management produced the burlesque of "Mazeppa," last week. The horse "Don Juba" was introduced. The following was the cast: "Liberty Poles and Pole Cats; Castiron of Lourenski, F. Steele; Count Coleslau, (a slippery pole), J. S. Berry; Olinska, (a Liberty pole), Miss A. Becket. Other Poles and Pole Cats by an augmented corps of actors. Cream of Tartars; Seven Mazeppas, Vance Mazeppa, Hudson Mazeppa, Menken Mazeppa, Fisher Mazeppa, Raymond Mazeppa, Oceana Mazeppa, Miss Louise Evans Mazeppa. Abder Khan, (King of Tartarr), Master Johnny; Thamer, (a funny Tartar of an odd color), Oscar Willis; Shepard, (a Long-nose Tartar), Ella Forrest: Elders, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, & Company. The company engaged at this house embraces the names of Oscar Willis, Master Johnny Emilie and Fred Sigel, Ella Forrest, Adele St. Clair, and J. S. Berry stage manager.

Jeddo Miaco, contortionist; Add Weaver, song and dance man; and Billy Blair, comedian, are among the fresh appearances at the Philadelphia Casino, where already a large *corps* of attractive performers draw very large audiences. The stage affairs are under the supervision of uncle Jeems Pilgrim.

M'lle Marietta Ravel, the popular and talented *danseuse* and tight-rope artist, is now in the second week of her engagement at Aim's Melodeon, Pittsburg, Pa., where large audiences witness her intrepid performances with great pleasure. Beside M'lle Marietta as the star, Mr. Aims has a full and efficient company, so that it is no wonder prosperity reigns at his house.

The Varieties, Chicago, has a pretty good company at present. Nelly Howard, jig dancer, and M'lle Brignoli commence there this week.

Reed & Riley's Opera House, Knoxville, Tenn., is now under full operation for the season, consisting of Julia Dawron, Emma Christie, Ida Varian, Ned Reed, Thos. J. Riley, R. A. Jenny, C. J. Miles, and Conrad Hoffman. Artists wishing to engage with the above managers will find their address in another column.

## Negro Minstrelsy.

Another Great Bill is offered this week at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn. Cool Burgess original song and dance, entitled "Nicodemus Johnson," is kept on this week, it having met with favor last week. On the 23d a benefit is to be given Mr. John Hooley. On Thanksgiving day a matinee will be given.

Frank Wyant, comedian, joined the Christy Minstrels on the 14th inst.

A tenor and ballad singer is in want of a situation with a responsible operatic or minstrel manager. Reads and copies music well, it is said, and can take leading parts in quartettes. See advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the Clipper.

Sam Sharpley's Iron-clads did a good business at Troy, N. Y., last week, at Rand's Hall. The *Troy Times*, speaking of the troupe, says:—"Sam Sharpley's Minstrels drew a crowded house at Rand's Hall, despite the weather. It was a test of popularity that spoke for itself. The concert was the best ever given by the troupe in Troy, and one of the most satisfactory minstrel entertainments we have listened to in a long time. Cal. Wagner, the mirth-provoking 'bones;' Sullivan and Blackmer as balladists; little Archie and the clog dancers are all good; but Sam himself is the feature of the show. His judgment is good in deciding just what the people want—hits at the follies and topics of the day—jokes that make 'their first appearance on any stage'—the latest novelties in music and burlesque. Sharpley is the Theodore Hook of minstrelsy—the monarch of modern Ethiopia!" On the 19th the party appeared in Albany to the largest crowd ever seen in Tweddle Hall. On the 24th and 25th they appear at Hartford; 26th and 28th, New Haven; and at Providence Dec. 1st for three nights.

Frank Wells, wench dancer (late with Chas. A. Morris' Minstrels), was taken sick on the 9th inst. at Detroit, where he has been ever since. He was slowly recovering at last accounts.

The favorite Ethiopian extravaganza called "New Year Calls" is to be revived on the 21st by Messrs. Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels in Philadelphia, with the different characters well distributed. The last scene will represent the "River Schuylkill at Fairmount," with a skating carnival, ending in a great skating match for the hand of Lucinda Day, by moonlight alone. ...... Messrs Carncross & Dixey have a well-organised band at present, while the stage arrangements are conducted in a very able manner.

Edwin Bowers, Ethiopian tragedian, and Frank Moran, African comedian, are to appear in a round of their favorite characters, with Moran's Minstrels, during the present week, at the Chestnut Street Opera House.

Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels showed in New Brunswick, N. J., on the 17th and 18th: Paterson 19th, and were billed to appear in Newark on the 21st, for three nights. The party goes thence east. The company consists of Messrs. Delehanty and Ward, clog dancers; Harry Stanwood, banjoist; John Purcell, vocal director; John Howard, comedian; J. J. Kelley, balladist; Samuel Hosfield; D. Stufflebine, E flat, cornet; Jacob Steeg, leader of Brass Band; Edward Sullivan; P. Masterson, double bass and E flat Tuber; Wm. Schaffar, alto singer and buffo performer; J. P. Skinner, flutist and baritone; Thomas Prestwick, B flat cornet; Low Gaylord, comedian and bones; M. T. Skiff, basso profundo and interlocutor; C. E. Richardson, agent; Charley Forrest, wench dancer; and J. Conners, assistant agent.

Sanderson's Minstrels took possession of the old Washington Theatre, D. C. on the 11th inst.

Mr. John P. Smith, well known to the minstrel profession as business agent, and who for the past six months has been filling that position with the Raynor Christy party, has resigned, and is at present open for an engagement with a first class company. See his address in another column.

## Circuses.

The National, Cincinnati, was advertised to open on the 21st with a first class Circus company, composed of the following artists: M'lle Elvira, M'lle Francois, Mesdames Courtenay, D'Orsay, Armstrong and Henderson, Mr. John A. Robinson, William Odell, William Dutton, Mr. John Robinson, Jr., Le Jeune Frank, the Contraband Louis, said to be a nonpareil specimen of an Ethiopian rider. He was found upon the abandoned plantation of Jeff Davis in Mississippi, by Captain Brown, of the U. S. Navy, and at the present time this youthful African phenomenon, in a dashing and fearless act of equitation, challenges comparison with any horseman in the country. Santiago Gibbonoise, the Whitney Family, the Conrad Brothers, the Grecian Gymnasts, a corps of Voltigeurs, Pantomimists, &c., Messrs. James Reynolds and Sam Lathrop; a Stud of Horses and Ponies, including educated Steeds and Ponies, which consist of Henry Whitby's brace of Arabs, and the performing horse, Abdallah, introduced by his trainer, John Robinson, Jr. The theatre has undergone a thorough renovation and embellishment.

James Robinson, the Champion rider, joined Seth B. Howes' European Circus at Memphis, on the 21st. He remains with this party until April 1st; next season he travels with L. B. Lent, and at the close of the season goes to Europe.

Yankee Robinson wants sundry and several articles of circus plunder. See his advertisement.

Howe & Norton's Circus (late Robinson & Howe's) opened in Nashville on the 14th inst. with the following company: Little Alice, Charles Fish, Madame Agnes, La Belle Jeanette, La Petite Emma, Burrows, Kelly, James Madigan, Charles Madigan, W. A. Donavan, John Glenroy, John L. Davenport, S. D. Baldwin, A. F. Aymar, W. Lester, F. J. Howes, L. Howes, W. H. Howes, J. E. Lechler, J. J. Justice, D. Henderson, Joe Fish, John Clark, William Kirkwood, H. Norton, with Prof. Peter's band from Chicago.

Seth B. Howes' European Circus is in Memphis this week, under the management of John J. Nathans. The following is the list of the people engaged: James Cooke, H. J. Whitney, Samuel Sppappee, John Conklin, Pete Conklin, James Crocket, E. Hollaway, Thomas Watson, Edwin Watson, Thomas North, Edwin Cronest, H. Nichols, Wm. Kincade, E. C. Howes, Wallis Reeves, John Marsh, Joseph Corinth, M. V. Edgar, Chas. Smith, Henry Zeng, Philip Zimme., Edgar Wrench, Joseph Randolph, Chas. McClaen, Elum C. Quick, Henry Newel, Wm. Smith, John Taylor, Cyrus Davenport, Michael Maher, A. Pierce, Wm. Goodwin, Fred Keller, C. H. Roberts, Isaac Hays, Lafayette Trowbridge, John Steinbeck, John C. Lebo, J. McFarland, James Jeffries, Wm. McMannery, J. James, Wm. Tubbs, Henry Grey, Dr. G. A. Kane; Mesdames S. B. Howes, James Robinson, James Cooke, Tubbs, John Conklin, H. F. Nichols, C. Roberts, N. Hayes, Alice Catlin; Misses Lucille Watson, Ellen Jaspar, Anne Bovee and Louise Rodgin. Jimmy Robinson joined the party at Memphis.

Yankee Robinson's Big Show closed at Davenport, Iowa, on the 27th ult., after the most prosperous season the famous Yankee has ever experienced. He is now in New York, preparing for 1865, and, as will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, wants a good horse-trainer.

## Miscellaneous.

Ossian E. Dodge and William Haywood sang in Carson City, N. T., Oct. 10th, Washoe City 11th, Silver City 12th, Dayton 13th, Gold Hill 14th, and Virginia City 15th, and were to dedicate the New Pavillion, Carson City, N. T., on the 19th, with one of their literary, musical and patriotic entertainments.

Martin the Wizard was at Masonic Hall, Washoe City, N. T., Oct. 14th.

De Soto Hall, Galena, Illinois, has the repute of being a first class establishment, and managers of entertainments who intend exhibiting in that town, should apply or address according to instructions in Messrs. Holmes and Baldwin's advertisement in another column.

A Sacred Concert was given at Ford's Washington Theatre, on the 20th inst., for the benefit of the Home of the Friendless.

William Hayward, the balladist, seems to suit the "newspaper folk," for they all speak of his singing in the highest terms. The *Star*, published in Washoe City, N. T., says, "Mr. Hayward, without any exception, is the sweetest and most pleasing ballad singer we ever heard." The Virginia City, N. T., *Daily Union* speaks as follows: "Mr. Hayward's singing suits us the best of any we have listened to in a long time. He throws his soul into it, and pronounces his words so clearly that not one of them is lost by the audience. This is a peculiarity of such rare merit, that it cannot fail to please every sensible man and woman who appreciates the sentiment of a song quite as much as the musical intonations of the voice."

We are promised a fresh Prestidigitationist, shortly; Eugene Dazzle is his name, and his agents pronounce him a magician of dazzling light. We have not yet learned when and where the brilliant performer is to appear, but presume his intentions will be clearly defined at the proper time.

Mrs. J. S. Thomson's Vocal and Instrumental Concert Troupe is composed of the following artists: the Bretto Children, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, Mr. C. F. Holmes, J. S. Thomson, and Frank Gilder. Their first concert takes place at Williamsburgh, on the 22d. On the 23d they appear at Yonkers, and open in Brooklyn, at the Athenæum, on the 24th, for one night, and at Stamford, Conn., on the 25th.

A Concert Party, including Miss Emma Cullan, Messrs. W. Bradshaw, J. Craton, C. B. Briggs, and the Continental Glee Club, with Frank Austen as conductor, sang and piped at Library Hall, Newark, N. J., on the 16th inst., for the benefit of Miss H. Barrett, who also "lifted her voice."

The Panorama of the Russian War is on exhibition at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, this week, in conjunction with M. Verrecke.

A Scenic Artist of ability wishes an opportunity to display his skill in scenic and panorama painting. See advertisement.

Griste's War Show exhibits at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, November 28th, for two weeks. During the holidays, the Pittsburghers are promised Geo. K. Goodwin's troupe of dogs and monkeys. On the 21st and 22d, Prof. and Mme. Miller will give two entertainments of songs, mirth and magic, at Masonic Hall.

Barber's New Hall, situated in the town of Homer, N. Y., is completed and ready for companies. The hall will seat about 1000 persons, has a full set of scenery, and is lighted with gas. See advertisement in another column.

Evans & Mazzoni's Gift Show opens at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on the 23d inst., for nine days.

Paul Berger, a very pleasing vocalist, who is at present domiciled in the Quaker City, is to have a complimentary benefit at Concert Hall, in that city, on Friday evening, 25th inst. The Philadelphia Æolian Society, numbering sixty performers, has volunteered for the occasion, and will sing a variety of ballads, duets, quartettes, choruses, etc. The American Quartette Club has also volunteered, while the Berger Union Club will contribute to make the entertainment a very pleasing musical combination.

Chas. F. Fillebrown, Magician, and who has been in the army the past three years, has returned to his old business again. He was wounded at Petersburgh, and, having recovered, gives his first performance in Salem, Mass., on the 24th inst.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 13th, the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was opened for religious services, under the direction of Dr. S. M. Landis, whose subject was, "The Rock upon which the Church Split." As it was a *free* show in a *theatre*, you may be sure there was a crowded house, parquet, boxes and gallery being crammed with a promiscuous and well-mixed assemblage—the lions and the lambs were there; some church people and no church people were there; the regular *habitue* of the theatre was present, and the young gentlemen who black boots and munch peanuts were also in their customary places up aloft; there you could see some strong-minded and strong winded women, and here some delicate-looking, gentlemanly victims of the same; there were hard shell, soft shell, and every other sort of Baptist—come outers and stay inners—roughs, bounty jumpers, counter jumpers, and various other jumpers. In fact, taken as a whole, it was *not* a religious crowd. The Rev. Doctor, who is a man of fine personal appearance, and evidently pretty well "up" in the Doctor business, attempted to show the rock upon which the church split, but the unappreciative and heterogenous mass were unable to see it; yet they applauded him where he made a good point, and by their actions, no doubt looked upon the Sabbath evening star as a good actor. While in the midst of his discourse, a gentleman in the second tier suddenly arose, and in the deep tones of a fine old English gentleman, remarked—"Did I understand the gentleman to say that when—" his remarks were cut short by the preacher who cried out "Oh! will some one take charge of that man?" while the congregation applauded and hissed, and otherwise gave token of their interest in the proceedings; but the English gentleman again gave utterance to his feelings—"Did I understand the gentleman to say that when"—another uproar ensued, and the preacher—who evidently considered that this was none of *his* funeral, as the little boy once remarked—again shouted "Will somebody put that man out?" Our second tier friend, who merely asked "Did I understand the gentleman to say that when"—was hustled out under protest. We understood, subsequently, that the comeouter is Brother Baxter, who occasionally holds forth in front of the State House, and who is really a well-informed man, and who would have given Brother Landis a right lively turn up, had he been permitted to discuss the subject of splitting the rock. There was the usual singing, and a prayer followed, at the close of which the unruly boot-blacks and pea-nut eaters gave the prayer a smart round of applause. The gentleman was announced to hold forth again last Sabbath evening, at the same place, when a fee of five cents would be charged for admittance. Now, we cannot see that any good can be accomplished by these Sabbath evening theatrical harangues; on the contrary, they tend to bring religion into ridicule and exponents of the Gospel into disrespect. ..... They are curious people, those of the quiet Quaker City, and such sensations as theatrical sermons or public weddings are sure to draw out their fun-loving proclivities. It was only a week or two since that public announcement was made at one of the churches in the lower part of the city, that a marriage would take place on the following Tuesday evening. The groom was a young man of poor but honest parents, but by means of the war had become pretty well off, and therefore put on many shoddy airs. He was well known, and when the day for the marriage came, the church was jammed, and with just such a crowd as attended Bro. Landis' Sabbath sermon at the theatre. Previous to the appearance of the happy couple, those present amused themselves in various unchurchmanlike ways, such as talking right out in meeting, eating big apples, blowing up paper bags and then bustin' 'em, etc. The bride, who is said to be a very lovely young lady, is of somewhat delicate mould, yet, before she entered the church, every fat woman who passed in was shouted at—"there she is, there she is," "here she comes," etc., one stout gentleman present always being the first to hail the appearance of every fresh fat woman. The solemn ceremony was performed, but its surroundings were anything but solemn, and when the bride and groom emerged from the church, they were cheered by the crowd in front, and a pistol was fired in their honor. All sorts of noises were made, and all sorts of remarks. As the groom reached the sidewalk, he was greeted with cries of "Continental Hotel?" "Black yer boots," "pea nuts," and various other unchristianlike and ridiculous remarks. How the lady managed to support herself and control her feelings under such trying circumstances, is a puzzle to us. The groom's own folly, and evident desire to make a display on such a solemn occasion, was the cause of this curious demonstration. The "fiery drabs" are a strange peoples.

Nature's Freaks are attractive, and in the hands of live showmen, money-making things frequently, barring always earthquakes, water-spouts, or any such kind of Nature's shindies. One of the freak-streaks has just been imported into this country by F. Lodawick, in the shape of an Albino Stallion, having fine silky wool in the place of hair, and other peculiarities. It is for sale. See advertisement.

## Amateur.

The St. Louis Dramatic Company gave a performance at Belleville, Ill., on the 11th inst. A correspondent says:—"The 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' was produced, concluding with the farce of 'A Thumping Legacy.' The house was crammed long before the play commenced. Bob Brierly was well rendered by Mr. D. Albert Smith. James Dalton was represented by W. W. Kay, a very painstaking actor. R. J. Gibbons, as Hawkshaw, was well up in the stage business. Milton Moss, by R. Morris, an excellent delineator of old men, was well represented. Maltby was well rendered by Mr. H. Cobdell, who gives promise of making a good actor. Sam Willoughby, as played by S. Chester Smith, was very spicy, and with the assistance of Mrs. Cora Robertson, as Mrs. Willoughby, 'that boy Sam's granny' kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. May Edwards, by Mrs. D. Albert Smith, evinced fine talents and a full conception of the part. During the whole play the audience was very appreciative, and alternated from smiles to tears as the play progressed. In the farce, Mrs. R. Morris took the part of Rosetta, with the song of 'How are you, Conscripts?' This part was well played, as also was Bombazetto, by Mr. H. A. Hales. J. M. Ruth discharged his duties faithfully and is making many friends."

The Shakespeare Dramatic and Musical Association appeared at the Melodeon, Boston, for the benefit of the National Sailors' Fair, on the 16th inst. A correspondent says: "They performed the comedy of "Faint Heart never Won Fair Lady," before a large audience, who seemed highly pleased with the manner in which the piece was rendered. Miss Susie Cluer, as the Duchess, was perfectly at home in the part and won deserved applause from the audience. Mr. Converse, as Ruy Gomez, was good in every particular. Miss Ella Deluce, as King Charles, made a very successful first appearance in the character. Mr. Charles A. J. Farrar, as the Marquis, was all that could be desired. The other parts were all well performed, and the play went off well."

The Wheatley Dramatic Association gave their regular weekly performance on the 16th inst. Our correspondent says: "The bill for the occasion was to have been "The Seven Clerks" and "Nan, the Good-for nothing." "Claude Darnaud, the Denouncer," was rendered by Mr. McCollin in a careful and able manner, and his dying scene was creditably performed. This gentleman made his first appearance for over two years, and was well-received by the audience. Siggel, by Mr. E. E. Hulfish, Jr., was a clever piece of acting, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. De Briancourt, by Mr. Wallace, was not up to the standard of that gentleman's acting. Gustavus, by Mr. Harrison, and Larose, by Mr. Hall, were performed well. "Hoagfidt, Matteo and Brown, the three thieves," by Messrs. Burns, Beath and Brooke, were very comically performed. Owing to the absence of Miss Vernon, the part of Victorine was read by Miss Campbell in an able manner. Miss Vernon being absent, "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing," could not be performed. The "Stage Manager in Distress" was substituted for the last piece, and, I must say, to the credit of the Wheatley, that it was most ably represented. "Mr. Burns, the Stage Manager in Distress," was most admirably performed. Mr. E. E. Hulfish, Jr., played the part of the Call Boy, introducing all the applicants for positions, and was very amusing. Messrs. McCollin, Waer, Beath, Wilson and Wallace gave extracts and recitations. On the 23d, the "Poor Gentleman" will be performed. Wednesday evening, Nov. 30th, is Miss Vernon's night, when the best bill of the season will be presented, consisting of "London Assurance" and "Midnight Watch."

## Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

Prof. Anderson held a second "Anti-Spiritualistic Matinee" at St. James' Hall, Liverpool, Eng., November 2d. Previous to the commencement of the performance he made a few remarks. He said among other things he had no ill-feeling to the Davenport Brothers or Mr. Palmer, to whom he had, 13 years ago, taught his first lesson in conjuring. He narrated a conversation which he said he had with Mr. Palmer recently, at the Picadilly entrance to the hall, and which, if correctly repeated was equal to an admission by Mr. Palmer of the humbug of the whole affair. Then, very much to the surprise of Prof. Anderson, and equally to the astonishment of an audience which was so far thoroughly with him, up jumped Mr. Palmer himself, and gave the gentleman on the platform the lie direct. He said the conversation as given by Mr. Anderson was entirely false. The Professor appealed to Mr. Austin, the keeper of the ticket office, who was present at the time, but Mr. Austin declined to have anything to say in the matter. Mr. Anderson having said that Mr. Palmer could make a statement, the latter attempted to do so, but was put down by the Professor. However, the matter passed off without more ado, and the Professor went on with his speech. He said he had not before challenged the Davenport Brothers; but he then gave a general challenge to the effect that if they would come on that platform and let him tie them, he would bind them so that they could not get loose, and if they would throw the tambourines and other things about in the light as they did in the dark, he would give them £500. The *seance* was then proceeded with.

A Scene Not in the Bills.—An extraordinary scene of disorder has just occurred at the theatre of Lisle. In French provincial towns actors and actresses are, as is generally known, on making their first appearance, subjected to a sort of popular vote of approval from the audience. Madame Borgheso, an operatic singer, had been recently engaged there, without, however, having passed through the usual ordeal. As the majority of the public were unfavorable to her, marks of disapprobation had been several times expressed, and the usual formality of an appeal to the public was demanded, but the director paid no attention to the opposition, and the engagement still continued. The lady had of course her partisans, and during the performance of the "Trouvere" the evening before a few bravos were heard. A cry of "Down with the clique!" then followed, as well as a storm of hisses. The lady's supporters attempted to resist, but in vain, and the curtain had to be lowered. An effort was made to resume the performance some minutes later, but the riot became louder than ever, and M. Camposcasso, the manager, who is a supporter of the actress, distinguishing one of the subscribers among the persons hissing, rushed on him and struck him several blows with his closed hand. The spectators took part against the aggressor, and a fight was becoming general, when the police interfered and restored order.

A Monster choral festival is to be held at Dresden in July of next year. It is to last four days and a half, and to gather together 10,000 singers. They are to be "conducted" by means of electrical apparatus. The expense will, it is expected, reach some £14,000, it being necessary to build a vast hall calculated to hold 30,000 people.

Wilson's Christy Minstrels appeared at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Nov. 1st. Eugene and Unsworth have joined the troupe.

An Unrehearsed Act (and one that might have proved rather dangerous to the *artistes* performing it) took place lately at Franconi's Cirque Imperial, Rouen, France. The English Clown (Charlie Keith), who is a great favorite with the public of Rouen, performs a comic scene in which he takes a hat from off the head of one of the audience (the above party being one of the *artistes* of the cirque disguised as a peasant), and after performing sundry tricks with the hat, he finally turns a somersault on it, breaking in the crown, and completely spoiling the hat. The owner finding his hat damaged, goes into the ring, and being enraged runs after the clown, striking him with an old umbrella he has in his hand, until the clown makes his exit at the ring door, and the peasant the way he came in, consoling over the loss of his broken hat. This scene always causes much laughter, and during its performance on the above-mentioned night one of the soldiers who was at the circus seeing this scene take place, and thinking he had a right to interfere, rushed into the ring with his sword drawn to protect the clown, and was about to seize the owner of the hat, who was attacking the clown with his umbrella. The excitement now was great, as the peasant was running after the clown, and the soldier (with gleaming sword in hand) after the peasant, and, catching him, would have dragged him off to durance vile, and perhaps have inflicted some personal injury on him, had not the other *artistes* come into the ring and explained the whole affair to the over-dutiful soldier, who now seemed ashamed at the part he had taken, and left the ring amidst the shouts of the audience, who laughed at him heartily for his trouble in adding an extra act to the programme.

We find, in a Leipzig paper, the following: "I am in search of a girl of 16 or 18 years, daughter of parents without means, well-educated, good-looking, and gifted with a fine voice (high soprano) and decided talent for music. Such a young lady I propose to have educated for the opera at my expense, during three years, by the best teachers of singing, first in Germany, then in Italy, last in Paris. After her education is finished, she will receive a contract for six years, with the following stipulations: Travelling expenses for two persons, theatrical costumes, and 1,500 thalers in the first, 2,000 thalers in the second, 2,500 thalers in the third, 3,000 thalers in the fourth, 3,500 thalers in the fifth, and 4,000 thalers in the sixth year.—B. Ullmann."

## AMUSEMENTS.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.**

THREE MAMMOTH FAT GIRLS,
ONE TON. WEIGHING ONE TON.
2,000 POUNDS.
THREE COLOSSAL GIANTS,
EACH OVER EIGHT FEET HIGH.
TWO DWARFS,
EACH WEIGHING LESS THAN 20 POUNDS.
THREE ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY,
MORNING AT 11.
A DAY AT AN INN.
OKE-NA-WA-KAS TRIBE OF INDIANS,
CHIEFS, WARRIORS, AND SQUAWS.
MORNING, AFTERNOON, AND EVENING.
AFTERNOON, AT 3.
LINDA OF CHAMOUNIX.
EVENING, AT 7½.
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.
TONY DENIER..............in ........ PAS POLICHINELLE

☞ Imported expressly to please Children and Families, a wonderful Collection of FRENCH MOVING AUTOMATON MUSICIANS, BIRDS, FOUNTAINS, SHIPS, MILLS, RAILROADS and other MECHANICAL REPRESENTATIONS of ANIMATED NATURE. Also LIVING OTTERS, ALBINO BOY, CIRCASSIAN GIRL, LEARNED SEAL, KANGAROOS, and a MILLION OTHER CURIOSITIES.

Admission 30 cents: children under ten, 15 cents.
THANKSGIVING DAY,
THURSDAY, 24th.
PERFORMANCES NEARLY EVERY HOUR. 33

**WOODROFFE'S**

BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS
EXHIBIT EVERY EVENING,
AND ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT THREE P. M.,
AT HOPE CHAPEL,
720 BROADWAY.
DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS AT EACH ENTERTAINMENT.
without extra charge.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. MATINEES 15 CENTS.
SEE THE GLASS STEAM-ENGINE. 33

**CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,**

199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
SECOND WEEK
OF
MR. W. McMANNUS.
THIRD WEEK
OF
MR. LEWIS MEYERS.
First time of the following Acts:
THREE OLD MAIDS,
TOY CONCERT,
NEW LOCAL BANJO SOLO,
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
SCENES AT THE ACADEMY,
SALLY COME UP.
ON
THANKSGIVING DAY,
A GRAND AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE
At Half-past Two O'clock.

**ARTEMUS WARD.**

DODWORTH HALL,
806 BROADWAY.
ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.
A PICTORIAL RIDE

from San Francisco, through California, over the Sierra Nevada to Virginia City; thence across the Great American Desert to Salt Lake City; exhibiting the Mormons in their homes, and the singularities of the most esoteric people on the American continent. Since the first night of this entertainment it has been developed in its pictorial and lectorial details, and

ARTEMUS WARD

has now introduced many novel illustrations of Mormon life, and

NEW JOKES

pertaining and irrelevant to the journey.

N. B.—Photographs of the Belles of Salt Lake City are on exhibition in front of the hall.

The journey begins precisely at 8 o'clock. Portals are thrown open widely at half-past seven. The Central Chairs are the best seats; and the bureau for securing them is open from 8 till 4 o'clock. 33

**FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.**

Lessee, Director, and Manager............G. L. FOX.

MISS FANNY HERRING,
AS FENELLA,
THE DUMB GIRL,
in
MASSANIELLO.
Massaniello.................................Mr. J. H. Studley.

QUICKSANDS OF LIFE.
Dogweed Mutton (a plowboy).....................Mr. G. L. Fox.
Jael (a Gipsy Woman)..........................Miss R. Denvil.

THURSDAY,
THANKSGIVING,
TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES,
33 AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

**WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,**

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c..........................HENRY WOOD.
NOTICE—CHANGE OF TIME.
Doors open at 6¾. Commence at 7¼ o'clock.
IMMENSE SUCCESS. CROWDED HOUSES.
Second week of the world renowned Gymnasts,
MESSRS. PENNEY AND GOLDIE,
who will appear every evening on
THE DOUBLE TRAPEZE
AND HORIZONTAL BAR.
First appearance of the celebrated Flutist,
MR. E. HASLAM.

The Conscripts. The Echo. Thoughtful Emotions. Rip Tearing Johnny. African Cousin Polka. Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Eat. Comic Banjo Solos. Greenbacks, &c., by

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
GRAND MATINEE ON THANKSGIVING DAY,
Commencing at 2½ o'clock.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 33

**NEW BOWERY THEATRE.**

Sole Proprietor....................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager.......................MR. N. B. CLARKE.
A NEW DRAMA,
FABIAN THE SERF,
and
PAULINE OF BOURBON.
NEW SCENERY AND STARTLING EFFECTS.
LITTLE DAISY
and
FORTUNE'S FROLIC.
Mr. J. B. HOWE,
Mrs. W. G. JONES,
GEORGE BROOKES,
G. W. THOMPSON,
Mr. MARDEN,
Mr. G. LINGARD,
Mr. SHEPPERD,
and the whole Company.
33 GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

**AN ARTIST of Ability wishes an engagement** for Scene or Panorama painting. Address SCENIC ARTIST, P. O. Lowell, Mass. 33-1t*

## AMUSEMENTS.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**

Lessee and Manager..............................WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, NOV 21,
FIRST NIGHT OF THE INTENSELY EXCITING DRAMATIC ROMANCE,
entitled
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
produced after
VAST OUTLAY AND ELABORATE PREPARATION IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.
FABIAN DEI FRANCI, } Twin brothers } WM. WHEATLEY.
LOUIS DEI FRANCI, } of Corsica. }
First appearance in this city (after an absence of six years), of
MR. CHARLES POPE.

The cast, in addition, will embrace the names of Messrs. J. G. Burnett, J. W. Collier, Geo. Becks, J. Nunan, J. W. Blaisdell, E. B. Holmes, E. Barry, H. Danvers, &c., &c.; Mrs. Farren, Miss J. Freeman, Mrs. Skerrett, Miss Burke, Mrs. Reeve, Miss Everett, &c., &c., &c.

In the second act, a
GRAND MASQUERADE,
introducing the celebrated
MARTINETTI FAMILY,
MAD. LINA WINDEL AND A FULL CORPS DE BALLET,
under the direction of
MONS. GROSSI, MAITRE DE BALLET. 33

**THE HIPPOTHEATRON,**

Begins at 7½.
Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
MONDAY, EVENING, NOVEMBER 21st, and every evening during the week.
THREE GRAND MATINEES, at 2½,
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23d; THURSDAY, NOV. 24th (THANKSGIVING DAY); SATURDAY, NOV. 26th.
No curtailment of Programme at the Matinees. By general request, seats will be reserved for the Matinees.
SECOND WEEK OF
MR. HENRY COOKE'S WORLD-FAMED COMPANY OF DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS.
First appearance of the renowned American Rider,
MR. ROBERT STICKNEY,
the Somersault Thrower on Horseback; also of
MR. S. P. STICKNEY, the Famous Equestrienne, and
MISS EMMA STICKNEY.
The new Comic Act of THE CLOWN'S CARNIVAL, and the New Comic Pantomime LE STATUE BLANCHE.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**

A CHANGE OF BILL!
Re-engagement of
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
and first appearance of that great artist in
A FRESH AND DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER.

☞ The public appreciation of Mr. Owens' genius has been so marked that Mr. Wood is confident they will receive with gratification the announcement of the

EXTENSION OF HIS ENGAGEMENT
from twelve weeks to the
ENTIRE SEASON.

MONDAY, Nov. 21st, and nightly till further notice, first performances here of Colman's brilliant comedy, (abridged to three acts),

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.
Dr. Ollapod........(of the Kent Militia).......Mr. J. E. OWENS.
To conclude with (for the seventy-third night),
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
Solon Shingle.....................................Mr. J. E. OWENS.
Seats can be secured Six days in advance. 33

**WINTER GARDEN.**

NINETY-EIGHTH
AND
LAST NIGHT
BUT
THREE,
REMEMBER,
OF
the brilliant engagement of
MR. J. S. CLARKE.
On MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 21,
will be presented
A GREAT DOUBLE BILL,
comprising Buckstone's two celebrated comedies of
SINGLE LIFE
and
MARRIED LIFE,
presenting, in a strongly humorous point of view, the contrast between these conditions
Clarke..........................as..........................Peter Pimley
Clarke..........................as..........................Mr. Dove

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**

Commences at 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21st.,
Will be produced, for the first time in America, an entirely new and Original Comic Drama, in two acts, by H. T. Craven, Esq., (author of the "Chimney Corner,") and now playing in London with great success, entitled
MICKEY WHITE.
NEW SCENERY AND POWERFUL CAST.
DANIEL WHITE (unpopularly known as
"Mickey White," a Dairyman..............Mr. W. HOLSTON.
DICK DUGS.........Cow-boy............Mr. C. T. PARSLOE, Jr.
ARCHIBALD GOOD (A Veterinary Surgeon)...Mr. T. B. BERRY.
Mrs. SADRIP....................................Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
ANNE WHITE (daughter of Daniel White)
Miss LOUSA MYERS,
in which she will sing a Ballot composed expressly for the Drama, by S. Musgrave, Esq., called
EARLY LOVE.
Previous to the Drama, will be presented for the first time,
FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

**HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,**

No. 585 BROADWAY.
THE SCARLET SPIRIT!
THE SCARLET SPIRIT!
THE SCARLET SPIRIT!
STILL IN THE ASCENDANT!
STILL IN THE ASCENDANT!
STILL IN THE ASCENDANT!
HELLER
HELLER
HELLER
is pre-eminently the
SOMATIC CONJUROR,
SOMATIC CONJUROR,
SOMATIC CONJUROR,
the representative of the art in the present century; believing in phenomena being a part of the Conjuror's craft, and not in nonmena as having to do with it.
HELLER'S SOLOS ON THE PIANOFORTE.
HELLER'S SOLOS ON THE PIANOFORTE.
SEDGWICK'S SOLOS ON THE CONCERTINA
TWO MATINEES NEXT WEEK.
THANKSGIVING DAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th,
At 3 P. M.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th,
At 3 P. M.
IMMENSE PREPARATIONS
FOR A
33 STARTLING CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.

**VARIETIES, 37 and 39 Bowery.**

HERMANN & CO...................................Proprietors.
GEORGE WINSHIP............................Stage Manager.
W. T. DULANY.................................Acting Manager.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21st,
GRAND GALA AND THANKSGIVING WEEK.
AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF TALENT.
WE CHALLENGE RIVALRY AND DEFY COMPETITION.
M'LLE LOUISE LAMOREUX,
The Great French and Spanish Danseuse,
just arrived from California—after an absence of four years—will make her first appearance in New York at the Varieties.
MADAME SENORITA,
The Queen of Acrobatists,
and her two talented Infant Wonders,
MASTER GEORGE AND LITTLE ELLA.
L. M. REESE,
The Basso.
And the great
MALE AND FEMALE MINSTRELS.
Immense Success of our Ethiopian trio,
J. W. McANDREWS, GEORGE WINSHIP,
GEORGE WARREN.
W. N. SMITH, J. H. TAYLOR,
THE CHARMING WALBY SISTERS.
MISS CARRIE AVERY AND CHARLES SHAY.
MISS ANNA E. LEE,
The Charming Cantatrice.
We have always room for first class Talent.
A GRAND DOUBLE MATINEE on
33-2t THANKSGIVING DAY.

**BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM,**

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 24, 1864.
MR. J. S. THOMSON'S
Grand Vocal and Instrumental
CONCERT,
with the renowned
BRETTO CHILDREN,
(Masters Bernard and Richard, 12 and 8 years old,)
Whose Wonderful Performances on the VIOLIN and CORNET created so great a sensation in GOTTSCHALK'S Concerts at the Academies of Music in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, last season,
Assisted by the following Artists,
MRS. J. S. THOMSON, Soprano,
MR. C. F. HOLMES, Tenor,
MR. J. S. THOMSON, Basso,
MR. FRANK GILDER, Pianist.
Will appear at Williamsburg on the 22d, Yonkers 23d, and Stamford, Conn., 25th. 33-1t

**GRAND RAPIDS THEATRE.---WANTED---** LEADING WOMAN, HEAVY MAN, LOW COMEDIAN, AND UTILITY PEOPLE. Address
SAM RAINFORTH, Box 993, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Stars dealt with on liberal terms. 33-tf

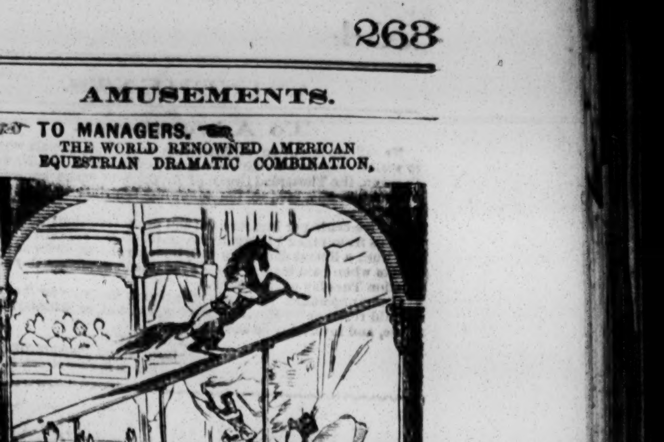
**TO ACTORS.--Wanted--for Col. Wood's Museum**, Chicago, A GOOD WALKING GENTLEMAN, and a MAN TO PLAY SECOND HEAVIES AND GENERAL RESPONSIBLE BUSINESS. Season extends to July 4th. Address, with references, stating lowest terms, A. D. BRADLEY, Stage Manager.
Silence a negative. 33-2t*

**BARBER'S NEW HALL, HOMER.---This new and** splendid Hall is now completed, and can be rented by the travelling profession at reasonable rates. Seats one thousand people. Full set of Scenery, Gas Regulations, and all modern improvements. Affords excellent inducements to travelling parties, being situated half way between Binghampton and Syracuse.
Address MR. WATTS BARBER,
33-4t Homer, N. Y.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**☞ TO MANAGERS. ☜**

THE WORLD RENOWNED AMERICAN
EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC COMBINATION,



[MAZEPPA.]

Consisting of
MISS KATE RAYMOND,
The dashing and accomplished Equestrienne and Actress, acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD;
MR. O. B. COLLINS,
The celebrated Melo-dramatic Actor and Equestrian;
MISSS WINNIE DEMONT,
The beautiful and accomplished Vocalist;
and
MR. H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED MARE,
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA;
and
GRAY EAGLE;
With the following repertoire of Equestrian Dramas:
THE BORDER SPY; OR, THE TRAPPER'S LAST SHOT:
THE FOUNDLING; OR, THE WILD HORSE OF THE FOREST:
THE RIDE FOR LIFE:
THE HORSE THIEVES' LEAP:
THE BRIGAND QUEEN:
JENNIE DIVER; THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN:
THE DEMON HUNTSMAN:
THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK:
New Dramas, Written Expressly for this Combination.
Also,
MAZEPPA, PUTNAM, DICK TURPIN,
JACK RANN, MIKE MARTIN, JACK SHEPARD,
EAGLE EYE, NICK WHIFFLES, HERNE THE HUNTER,
TIMOUR THE TARTAR MARGARET CATCHPOLE,
THE FEMALE SPY. EL HYDER, CLAUDE DUVAL,
TOGETHER WITH NEW AND SPLENDID WOOD CUTS
and
STAGE TRAPPINGS NOT TO BE EQUALLED.
CHALLENGE FOR $1,000
TO ANY PERFORMING STAGE HORSE PROPRIETOR IN THE WORLD!

Believing that I own the best Performing Stage Horse in the World, I hereby challenge any one for $100 or $1,000, to produce its superior for high leaping, quickness in going over the stage runs, and for beauty and style. Address

HENRY B. GATES,
Owner of the Champion Mare Black Bess.

N.B.—Money ready at Mr. O. B. Collins', 682 Broadway, New York. Managers wishing to engage this celebrated combination, will please address HENRY B. GATES, Business Manager, Clipper Office, 22 Spruce Street, New York. 33-tf

**REED & RILEY'S**

KNOXVILLE
OPERA HOUSE.
KNOXVILLE.......................TENNESSEE.
Sole Lessees and Proprietors,
EDWARD REED & THOMAS J. RILEY.
This establishment, capable of seating one thousand people, having been leased for one year by Messrs. Reed & Riley, is now open for the season as a first class Variety and Dramatic Theatre.
Among the artists already engaged will be found
MISS JULIA DAWRON,
The Beautiful Lady Baritone and Comedienne;
MISS EMMA CHRISTIE,
The Accomplished Danseuse and Comedienne;
MISS IDA VARIAN,
The Accomplished Versatile Actress;
NED REED,
The Renowned Song and Dance Man and Eccentric Comedian;
THOS. J. RILEY,
Comedian and Comic Vocalist;
R. A. JENNY,
Juvenile and Light Comedy;
C. G. MILES,
The popular Comedian and Character Actor;
CONRAD HOFFMAN,
Leader of the Orchestra;
J. HAWKINS,
Pianist;
WM. GATES,
Cornet;
A. U. WOOD,
Piccolo;
HENRY YATES,
Leader of the Brass Band;
JOHN KERRIDGE,
Scenic Artist.
Artists of acknowledged ability desiring good engagements may address REED & RILEY,
33-3m Knoxville Opera House.

**CHARLIE KANE**

AND
JENNIE JOHNSON.
The first, one of the best Low Comedians in the profession; the latter, a capital Comedienne, Vocalist and Pantomimist. Can be engaged together or separately, by addressing
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**THE WESNER SISTERS,**

ELLA AND MARY.
These two beautiful Duette Danseuses (boy and girl), are now engaged at the Washington Canterbury. Responsible managers wishing their services, will address their agents,
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**DELEHANTY AND WARD,**

The world's Champion Clog Dancers, (wager $1,000 offered by George Lea, Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C.,) can be engaged by responsible managers, by addressing
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**MISS KITTY FYFFE,**

Comedienne and Vocalist. A splendid card for Concert Hall Managers; now engaged at the Washington Canterbury. Parties wishing her services, will address her agents,
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**ANNETTA GALETTI,**

Premier Danseuse. The best in the world. Theatre or Concert Hall managers wishing to engage this Talented Artiste, will address
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**JOHN DENIER,**

The Great Tight Rope Performer and Cataract Ascensionist. The only successful rival of Blondin, performing the same feats and carrying a young lady on his back while on the rope. Also performs the late sensation act, Zampillarostation, or Three Flying Trapeze, equally well with Verrecke. A splendid card for managers. His services can be secured by addressing
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**JOHN MULLIGAN,**

without exception, the Prince of Ethiopian Comedians. Managers will do well to negotiate for this gentleman's services, which can be done by addressing his agents,
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**ANDREW LEAVITT,**

The celebrated Banjo Player and Ethiopian Comedian. Managers wishing to negotiate, will apply to
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**MONS. MATHIEU,**

(Formerly with the original Martinetti Family), Premier Dancer and Ballet Master, can be engaged by responsible managers by applying to
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**M'LLE DESIREE,**

Premier Danseuse, formerly with the Martinettis, can be negotiated with for engagements by addressing
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
33-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

**NOTICE TO MANAGERS of MINSTREL HALLS.**

W. T. DULANY'S services can be secured as Acting Stage or Business Manager, after Saturday, November 26th, by addressing him at the Varieties, 37 and 39 Bowery.
W. T. DULANY, Business Manager, or
CONNER & LEA,
Theatrical Agents,
33-1t* 25 West Houston street, New York.

**DE SOTO HALL,**

GALENA, ILLINOIS.
A FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENT.
HOLMES & BALDWIN,
33- Proprietors.

☞ **NOTICE.--Having resigned my position as** BUSINESS AGENT for CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, my services can be obtained in a similar capacity for any first class exhibition. Reference—profession generally. Address JOHN P. SMITH, 25 East Fayette street, Baltimore. 33-1t*

FOR OTHER AMUSEMENT ADVERTISEMENTS, see page 259.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Spruce street, N. Y.

J. W. Morse & Co.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS
ON WOOD IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

### HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

THE HOME OF MINSTRELSY,
THE RESORT OF THE CONNOISSEUR OF FUN, BURLESQUE, AND SONG.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

Every Phase of Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the following well known and unapproachable Artists:— J. H. BUDWORTH, G. W. H. GRIFFIN, COOL BURGESS, J. B. DONNIKER, J. A. HERMAN, G PARKERSON, W. H. LEWIS, E. HASLAM, J. GOMPERT, C. FRUMMELL, T. SHERON, B. C. NORTHRUP, H. MUDGE and his two Pupils, HAIL COLUMBIA and YANKEE DOODLE.

Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $3.
32-tf C. GREENLAND, Agent.

### MR. CHARLES E. DOBSON,

THE MASTER BANJOIST OF THE WORLD,
will give his
FIRST BANJO CONCERT
at the
COOPER INSTITUTE,
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5TH. 33-2t*

### 539. VAN AMBURGH & CO'S 541.
### MAMMOTH MENAGERIE,

AND GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION.
HYATT FROST..............................Manager.
NOS. 539 AND 541 BROADWAY.
IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON,
THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND EVENING.
Doors open from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 10 o'clock, P. M.

The Public are respectfully informed that in this
GREAT ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTION
may be found the

LARGEST COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS
LARGEST COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS
LARGEST COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS
LARGEST COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS

IN THE WORLD,
Which can be seen at the

LOWEST PRICE OF ADMISSION
LOWEST PRICE OF ADMISSION
LOWEST PRICE OF ADMISSION
LOWEST PRICE OF ADMISSION

required for any first-class Exhibition in Europe or America.
THE VAST COMBINATION
OF LIVING BEASTS AND BIRDS
included in this Mammoth Menagerie,
EMBRACING
THE RAREST REPRESENTATIVES OF
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM,
from the Four Quarters of the Globe,
WILL BE FOUND
In INTEREST,
VARIETY AND MAGNITUDE,
Infinitely to surpass
ANY AND ALL OTHER UNDERTAKINGS
OF A SIMILAR NATURE
EVER INAUGURATED BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
in this or any other country,
Presenting
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT EXPOSITION
OF THE
WONDERS OF CREATION
EVER OFFERED TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

THE CATALOGUE OF ANIMALS,
too extensive for a newspaper advertisement, will be found to include
MANY EXCEEDINGLY RARE SPECIMENS,
seldom to be seen in similar exhibitions, among which may be mentioned
THE ONLY LIVING GIRAFFE
that has been exhibited in this country for years.
THE ENORMOUS ELEPHANT,
"HANNIBAL,"
the largest quadruped ever seen in Europe or America;
A WHITE OR POLAR BEAR,
and many others of almost equal interest.
THE ORNITHOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT
is unusually complete, and far superior to anything of the kind hitherto brought together in New York. Particular attention is directed to the
AUSTRALIAN BIRD SHOW,
comprising hundreds of the gaudily plumaged birds of Australia, forming a feature no less novel than interesting.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY
will be given,
AT 11½ A. M., 3 AND 8½, P. M.,
at each of which will be presented
AN AMUSING DIVERTISSEMENT
BY
TRICK PONIES!
PERFORMING MONKEYS!
and
EDUCATED MULES

The celebrated Elephant Trainer
FRANK NASH
will introduce the
GREAT PERFORMING ELEPHANT
"TIPPO SAIB,"
the most sagacious and perfectly trained animal of the species to be found in any country, in a variety of extraordinary feats, which cannot fail to command the
WONDER AND ADMIRATION
of every beholder.

PROFESSOR LANGWORTHY
will give an exhibition of the mastery of man over the brute creation
IN THE DENS OF LIONS AND TIGERS,
introducing for the first time in New York his troupe of
NEWLY TRAINED ANIMALS,
wild and ferocious as when taken from their native haunts, animals which are
TRAINED BUT NOT TAMED!!
rendering the performance one of
THRILLING INTEREST AND EXCITEMENT!!

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the expenditures of the establishment the present season, the price of

ADMISSION IS ONLY 25 CENTS.
ADMISSION IS ONLY 25 CENTS.

NO HALF PRICE. POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST.

### MR. CHARLES E. DOBSON,

THE MASTER BANJOIST OF THE WORLD,
will give his
FIRST BANJO CONCERT
at the
COOPER INSTITUTE,
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5TH. 33-2t*

### OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC

AND PINACOTHE'CA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
OPENED MONDAY, NOV. 21st, 1864.
UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST
MAGNIFICENT MUSIC HALL IN THE UNITED STATES.
ESTABLISHED ON A FIRM BASIS
For the express purpose of giving the public a
LEGITIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AND MAKING MONEY.

The extensive alterations are completed and the company already organized, embracing many of the most talented artistes in the Profession.

THE OXFORD THE OXFORD
is bound to rank as one of the
LEADING INSTITUTIONS OF WASHINGTON.
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
has been expended in the alterations, and the OXFORD will seat comfortably
THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE.
FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS,
Managers and Proprietors.

NOTICE.—Performers will always find it to their interest to apply as above when they feel like visiting Washington.

Look out in next week's Clipper for list of company. 33-tfos

### BANJO AND JIG DANCING.

ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINIA, WALK AROUND, IRISH JIGS, REELS AND HORNPIPES TAUGHT BY JOHN BOGAN. BANJOS of superior quality always on hand for sale, and sent to any part of the country on receipt of the money. Price from $12 to $50 each. N. B.—On receipt of $1 I will send Three Written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Address J. BOGAN, 148 East Houston street, New York City. 32-3t*

### ATHENÆUM MUSIC HALL,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER, Proprietor and Manager.

Ladies and Gentlemen of ability can secure good engagements by applying as above. 21-3m*

## AMUSEMENTS.

### NEWARK THEATRE, Newark. N. J.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.................... KATE FISHER

This beautiful theatre is at present undergoing a thorough rejuvenation; the seats have all been newly upholstered, the interior beautifully painted, and the auditorium is capable of seating 1200 persons. Will open for the season, on
MONDAY, OCT. 31st,
WITH A FIRST CLASS COMPANY,
under the sole direction of MISS KATE FISHER, who is ready to treat with FIRST CLASS STARS for two or three weeks.

MISS FISHER will shortly start out on her starring tour, visiting all the principal cities in the west, with her
CELEBRATED HORSE,
THE WONDER.

P. S.—WANTED—for the Newark Theatre, a FIRST CLASS JUVENILE MAN. All letters to be addressed
29-tf KATE FISHER, Newark Theatre.

### THE NATIONAL COMBINATION and Variety

HOW, now on its First Annual Tour.
TWENTY PERFORMERS.
EACH MEMBER A STAR.
THE SNOW BROTHERS, and the
LEVANTIN BROTHERS,
Gymnasts, Acrobats and Athletes.
DICK SANDS, the renowned Clog Dancer.
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THE FLORENTINE TROUPE
as the Wild Arabs of the Desert.
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A Comic Trick Pantomime at each entertainment.

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SEASON TERMINATES
JULY 4th, 1865.
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This favorite resort is nightly thronged, having a first class company, with change of programme nightly, interspersed with the choicest gems of Vocal, Dramatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomimic, and Minstrel Acts.

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TWO FEMALE VOCALISTS.
ONE " JIG DANCER.
TWO " FANCY DANCERS.

Good Performers can always procure an engagement by addressing as above. 32-3t*

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WORLD—having been exhibited to delighted and admiring thousands in this country and the principal cities in Europe, will open AT WILLIAMS' HALL, BOSTON, for two weeks, commencing MONDAY, NOV. 14TH, 1864, previous to their tour through the great west. The Exhibition consists of Models of Entire Cities and Villages, with Factories, Work Shops, &c., all in operation; Steam Cars, Horses, and Carriages, Men, Women, and Children passing and repassing; the old Saw and Grist Mill, the Water Wheel in motion, with REAL RUNNING WATER. Workmen are seen at their different avocations. BATTLE SCENES OF THE PRESENT WAR ON LAND AND SEA. Full Rigged Ships, Gun Boats mounted, and Armies of Soldiers armed and equipped, all moving with the most life-like precision. THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN. The alarm, running to the fire, the fire discovered in Broadway. A MODEL OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM, FIVE ENTIRE COMPANIES OF FIREMEN, with their Engines, all upon the stage at the same time, working their machines, the fire and smoke rolling up, buildings falling, the rescue of the mother and child from the flames, making the most gorgeous spectacle ever beheld. Panoramas and common place Dioramas sink into insignificance when compared with this IMMENSE WORK OF ART. N. B.—Clergymen and School Teachers are most respectfully invited to visit the Exhibition FREE OF CHARGE, by leaving their names at the door. J. S. FORBES, the Champion Trick Drummer, Violinist and Pianist, is with the Exhibition. CHASE & NEWCOMB, Proprietors; J. D. NEWCOMB, Manager. 31

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COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
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GIGANTIC NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
AND BRASS BAND,
consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
ETHIOPIAN STARS,
admitted by the people and the press to be the leading, model organization of the world, far superior in every respect to all other travelling troupes in existence, the result of eleven years of experience, patronized by the fashion and elite of the entire continent.
THIS MAMMOTH CORPS
OF
DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states,
COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
SEPT. 26TH, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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Introducing to our extensive patrons an entire
NEW, ORIGINAL PROGRAMME EACH EVENING. 24

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FOR DUPLEX'S FUNNY JOKES.

One that can tell where the laugh comes in will receive a liberal salary. OH! YOU FUNNY WRETCH!
YOU'RE FUNNY AS A FUNERAL.

P. S.—Wanted to know whether the mouse that the mountain has brought forth is the work of the Journeyman Tailor, or only his "'Prentice." DAM DULLPLAY, or Cully Smith. 31-tf

### A CARD.---IRVING HALL,

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The above Hall is entirely new, and is centrally located in one of the most flourishing cities in the State, 100 miles from Detroit by railroad. Seats 700; Stage fitted up regardless of expense, with New Scenery, Drop Curtain, foot and border lights complete, with dressing rooms attached. Can be rented by the day, week or month, upon reasonable terms, for Theatrical, Operatic, Concert or Lecture purposes, on application to C. B. MOTT,
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### AGAIN ON THE RUN,

FLEEING FROM
THE APPROACH OF THE IRON CLADS.
DUPLEX & CREAM'S
SHODDYCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
hearing the thunder of the invincible Iron Clads nearing the east, have abruptly terminated their short inglorious career in the New England States, and again
FLED TO CANADA,
the native soil of
THE TAILOR PROPRIETOR,
where they will remain until
THOSE DREADFUL IRON CLADS
ARE OUT OF NEW YORK STATE.
After which,
THE GREAT ZINC TRUNKERS, &c., &c.,
will follow the trail, appearing in
BUFFALO DEC. 15TH,
IN SYRACUSE DURING THE HOLIDAYS,
opening in
ALBANY JANUARY 13TH.

CONFIDENTIAL CARD.—Persons seeing this route, will please not inform other managers of our dates.
HOW ARE YOU, SECRESY? 31-tf

## AMUSEMENTS.

### COMING!

THE CONGRESS OF ARTISTS,
THE INVINCIBLE IRON-CLADS,
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE.
NOW RETURNING TO THE EAST.
Crowned with the Laurel Wreath of Victory, having performed to larger audiences at a greater price of admission than
ANY OTHER TROUPE IN THE WORLD.
An entire new Programme, Illustrated and Embellished by the following well-known and Gentlemanly Artists de Ethiope:
SAM SHARPLEY,
The Wit Par Excellence! The only Talker on the Ethiopian Stage.
His "Conversaziones de Afric" being an epitome of all that is passing in Local Life or the Political World.
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PROF. DICK ESCOTT,
Leader of Orchestra and Solo Violinist.
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The unequaled Terpsichorean Artist.
WM. H. CHAMBERS,
Cornet and Tenor Vocalist.
MASTER ARCHIE,
The Youthful Balladist.
J. F. SULLIVAN,
The Popular Tenor.
H. S. RUMSEY,
The Champion Banjoist, Snare Drummer and Light Comedian.
FRANK BOWLES,
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PROF. BLACKMER,
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A. C. STONE,
The Pleasing Alto Singer, Clog Dancer and General Performer.
JAMES LA MONT,
The Powerful Basso and Ballad Singer.
GILBERT POND,
Clarionet and Alto Horn.
ELVIN FRENCH,
Double Bass and Tuba.
JOHN MASTERSON,
Violoncellist and Baritone Vocalist.
will appear in the following Cities in rapid succession:—
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The early publication of this route is made to give would-be rivals a chance to test the merits of the IRON CLADS, and also afford the notorious Zinc-Trampers a chance to retrieve the ignominious defeat of last season.
SAM SHARPLEY,
31-tf Sole Manager and Proprietor.

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MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
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GEORGE LEA.........................Proprietor.

The above popular and old established place of amusement is open EVERY NIGHT and on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, for the accommodation of Ladies and Children.

PERFORMERS OF TALENT ALWAYS NEEDED.
The very largest Salaries paid to talented Artists
ATTRACTIVE BALLET GIRLS
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THIRTY DOLLARS AND UPWARDS PER WEEK.

The following performers are now under engagement to George Lea for a stated period, and can be engaged by RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS for a long or short period.
ANNETI GALETTI,
Premiere Danseuse, the best in the world;
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The great Cataract Ascensionist and Tight Rope Artist; the only successful rival of Blondin, performing the same feats and carrying a young lady on his back while on the rope. Also performs the great sensation act Zampilaerostation, or Three Flying Trapeze, equally as well as Verrecke. A splendid card for managers.
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MR. LEA having noticed several cards lately, embracing challenges from self styled champion clog dancers, takes this method of repeating his challenge to the world for $1000 that Messrs.
DELEHANTY AND WARD
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TWO MEN DANCING TOGETHER.
CHERRY BELLE,
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Whose brilliant achievements as a
PANTOMIMIST, BANJOIST, GUITARIST, VOCALIST,
COMEDIENNE,
MAGICIAN AND PROTEAN ACTRESS,
has made her one of the most popular and attractive STARS now before the people. Managers will find it to their advantage to secure the services of
THIS CHARMING AND TALENTED ARTIST.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—LEA'S MAMMOTH COMBINATION COMPANY will start for New Orleans in the early part of January, 1865. Performers (male and female) wishing to engage for the season at New Orleans, can be employed up to the time of sailing by making immediate application by letter. Address
GEORGE LEA, Canterbury Hall,
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Wanted—a First Class Lady Vocalist.

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This popular Establishment having been thoroughly re-fitted, painted, upholstered, and decorated, is now
OPEN FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON,
With the largest and most complete
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The Entertainments will consist of
GORGEOUS BALLETS, COMIC PANTOMIMES,
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GYMNASTICS,
BANJO SOLOS AND QUARTETTES,
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COMIC AND SENTIMENTAL VOCALISM,
VAUDEVILLES, EXTRAVAGANZAS,
&c, &c.,
In short, THE COMBINED AMUSEMENTS OF THE WORLD, concentrated in one Monster Entertainment. 27-tf

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the largest stock of
THEATRICAL WARDROBE
FOR HIRE IN THE UNITED STATES,
by the night, week, or season. What is the use of Managers making up their own wardrobe, when they can get any piece dressed without expense or trouble, at much shorter notice than it takes to cut the work out in any theatre, (and of better material,) by applying to R. W. WILLIAMS & SON,
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having just concluded at Chicago
A MOST SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT,
commences the fall and winter season at ALEXANDRIA, VA., producing his novel spectacle of
THE SEVEN SISTERS,
replete with costly Scenery, Wardrobe, and Appointments. Managers wishing to negotiate will address 1223 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia. 24-tf

### EDWIN ADAMS,

TRAGEDIAN.

For location, see Dramatic summary, weekly. All communications upon business must be addressed HARRY WALL,
26-tf Agent.

### MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to engage the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 13-

### WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may

be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 30

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ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE
FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS,
First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
26-tf or GEORGE DEAGLE, St. Louis.

### WANTED, AT BUCKLEY'S NEW MINSTREL

Hall, Boston, a first class Wench Dancer, who can play parts in pieces. Apply with terms to R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.
20-tf

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SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 15-6m*

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OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
MORAN'S MINSTRELS,
COMPOSED OF SIXTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS,
APPEAR EVERY EVENING,
IN A
CHASTE AND ELEGANT ENTERTAINMENT. 28-tf

### TO MANAGERS OF MUSIC HALLS, &c.---LITTLE MAC, late of Bryants', New York, and JOHNNY MACK, the

celebrated Negro Performer, are now playing to crowded houses at Chadwick's Varieties, Chicago. Their Original Acts and Burlesque Dances are nightly received with shouts of laughter and applause. They are considered the great cards of the day. Managers wishing to engage them will please address
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31-2t* Varieties, Chicago, Ill.

### DAN SETCHELL, Comedian, having just concluded a highly successful engagement of ten weeks at Grover's

Theatre, Washington, D. C., will commence at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Nov. 7th, for two weeks, thence to Norfolk for one week, commencing Monday, Nov. 21st. Correspondents may address as above.
31-tf H. ASHLEY, Business Manager.

## AMUSEMENTS.

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DUPLEX & CREAM'S
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WIND-JAMMERS—PECK PUNISHERS,
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With everything New and Original,
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(First time in Eleven Years.)

The Company having had their month's vacation, and during that time having visited all the Legitimate Troupes in the country, seen, heard and copied all their BUSINESS, Gags, &c., we are now prepared to give something new to the Patrons of the
GREAT ONE NIGHT SHOW OF AMERICA.
CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD!

$1000—That our Manager is the best pugilist in America.

$1000—That our "Other Manager" can talk more with his mouth and dance a better jig on one leg than Hank Mudge.

$1000—That we play to bigger houses, and make less money than any troupe in existence.

$1000—That Duplex, the successful manager and owner of the Spotted Dog, and Inventor of the Dream of Minstrelsy, can take more dead head tickets at the door than all other managers combined.

The above Bets to remain open until shut. 31-tf

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100 Portraits of the Confederate Army and Navy (on one card, with the names).

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Burke, Ione
Bateman, Miss (as "Leah," 9 different styles)
Brookes, George
Barrett, L. P.
Barrett, Miss Mary
Brewer, Frank (minstrel)
Bryant, Dan
Bryant, Neil
Bryant, Jerry
Bryant & Eph Horn (21 characters)
Bryant, Dan, & Pell, John (group)
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Barnum, P. T.
Barnum, P. T. and Com. Nutt
Brown, Fanny (also in character)
Booth, J. B. (also as Richard III.)
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Booth, J. Wilkes
Bowers, Mrs D. P.
Cushman, Charlotte (also as Romeo)
Cushman, Charlotte (as Lady Macbeth)
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Christy, George minstrel
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Forrest, Edwin
Fisher, Charles
Floyd, W. R.
Gilbert, John
Gannon, Mary
Gottschalk, L. M.
Heller, Robert, pianist and illusionist
Henriques, Miss
Horn, Eph, minstrel
Hoey, Mrs.
Herring, Fanny, 6 characters
Irving, Henrietta
Jones, Avonia
Jennings, Mrs.
Jones, Mrs. W. G.
Jordan, Mrs. Geo.
Kellogg, Clara Louise opera, 8 different positions
Keene, Laura, 6 different positions
Mitchell, Maggie and Mary, group
Morris, Lon, minstrel
Morris, Billy, minstrel
Morant, Fanny
Menken, Adah Isaacs also as French Spy, 8 different styles
Mitchell, Maggie
Mitchell, Mary
Nixon, Miss Adelaide
Nixon, Miss Frank
Owens, John E.
Patti, Adelina, negative, taken recent in London
Provost, Mary
Pennoyer, Miss Kate, danseuse
Ross, Emma, danseuse
Ross, Ida, danseuse
Richings, Peter
Richings, Miss Caroline
Ravel, Marietta
Reed, Dave, minstrel
Stockton, Fanny, opera
Seymour, James also as Dennis O'Hare
Setchell, Daniel
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Seymour, Nelse, minstrel
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Wallack, J. W., Lester & child, group
Williams, Barney
Williams, Mrs. Barney
Wheatley, William
Wheatley, Mrs. Wm.
Wood, Mrs. John, also as Invisible Prince
Webb, Ada
Webb, Emma
Webb Sisters, group
Young Nicolo, gymnast
Zanfretta, M'lle, danseuse.
Zoe, M'lle, danseuse

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Cusick, James
Hyer, Tom
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Mace, Jem
Wilson, Ed

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Gunther, Mayor
Greeley, Horace
James, Ned, author and editor
Kavanagh, Dudley, billiard champion
McClellan, General, and lady
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